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ONLY A FIDDLER!

AND

O. T.

OR,

LIFE IN DENMARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE IMPROVISATORE; OR, LIFE IN ITALY."

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HOWITT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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God
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And/on/

ONLY A FIDDLER!

CHAPTER I.

"Unter den an zwei Stunden im Umfang, haltenden Ruinen zeichnet sich vor allen der grosse Tempel aus, dessen Porticus fast vollständig erhalten ist.—Es macht eine fast rührende Wirkung, auf der Spitze des Giebelfeldes, gerade über dem Kopfe des steinernen Adlers, jetzt ein Storchnest zu sehen. Schade nur, dass seine Bewohner in dieser Zeit eben ihre Sommervillagiatura in Europa bezogen hatten, so dass vielleicht einer meiner freundlichen Leser dort die Besitzer gravatätisch umhersteigen sah, während mir nur das leere Nest zu betrachten blieb."—SEMILASSO IN AFRIKA.

WHEN the snow melts and the woods again become green, the storks return from their long journey. They have been in far Africa, have drunk of the waters of the Nile, and rested on the pyramids. The inhabitants of the Sicilian coasts and of the promontory of Messina relate how, at a certain time every year, the storks come over the sea in great flocks to rest themselves on the slopes of the mountains, which are

then wholly covered by these creatures. Suddenly they again arise, and wing their way towards the north, over the snow and clouds of the Alps, where the great multitude divides itself into smaller companies. The smallest knows, as well as the largest, how to direct itself towards the land where it has its home; and it is not the smallest band which flies towards little Denmark. Each one knows the bay whither he must direct his course, knows the clump of trees, and the white chimney on the indented gable of the hall, where the empty nest awaits him. Strange, mystical bird! Upon thy back rides spring into the land; the forests become green, the grass grows more joyously, the air becomes warmer.

Such a pair had returned; their nest stood on a farm-house situated on a road leading from the town of Svendborg. They were both in the greatest activity, carrying into their nest, which needed repairs, a long straw-band, three yards in length, which they had found in a field. Their industry was observed, and occasioned discourse in a little neighbouring court-yard. The only peculiarities about the man in the court were a dark moustache, and a cap, the top of which, like that of the Neapolitan, hung to one side. He leaned against the frame of an open window. In the room sat an equally powerful form upon a table: a tschako would have suited better with the dark hair than the white cap, a sabre better in his

hand than the needle which now figured between the fingers. The man before the window was a sergeant; the figure on the table a master-tailor. A little boy pressed his nose against the window to see the storks; about which was the discourse.

"Droll creatures!" said the sergeant, curling his moustache; "not for a whole month's pay should I like to shoot one of them! They bring good luck wherever they build their nest; therefore, the Jew has them also."

"Certainly," replied the tailor, "they build on the Jew's house, but we have the advantage. Year after year they give their tithe: one year, an egg; the next, a young one. They stick their pointed beaks through his neck, and then hoist him out of the nest. Otherwise, it is quite fun, when they feed their young, or teach them to fly. The old ones, especially at feeding-times, play curious pranks. They stand straight up in the nest, bend their necks over their backs, their beaks over their tails, just as when a juggler bends backwards to pick up a piece of money from the ground. First of all, they draw in their necks, and then dart them out again, to present nice little frogs and snails with which the young ones are feasted. But the most amusing thing to see is when the young birds are taught to fly. The manœuvre generally takes place on the roof. The little ones go along, balancing themselves with their wings, like rope-dancers

on a rope, and commence with little springs, for they are very heavy. Every time when I see the storks returning from their long journey, it seems to me no other than if I myself had returned from my long wandering. Then I have all kinds of thoughts: I remember the high mountains up which I climbed, the beautiful cities where the houses were palaces, and where the churches were filled with wealth, like the emperor's treasures. Yes, it is glorious abroad!" sighed he; "there, it is summer the greater part of the year. The dear Lord has made us pretty much his step-children. But what was I going to say? We were speaking of the storks. People are not yet able properly to understand the peculiarities of these birds. Before they depart, they regularly assemble at certain places in the country. I have seen them by hundreds at Quärndrup. It was a thorough manœuvre which they had there. They all struck their bills together at once, so loudly that one could not hear a single word for them. No doubt they were discoursing about the journey which lay before them. They deliberated among themselves; and, suddenly, the greater portion fell upon the few remaining ones, and killed them. There lay ten dead on the spot. People said it was the weak ones, which had not strength sufficient for the long journey, that they had killed. Then the whole band rises towards heaven, making

spirals in the air like a cork-screw. Good Heavens! how high these birds can soar! They resemble, at last, a swarm of bees, and then they vanish. The yolk in their eggs is blood-red; one can see that it is a summer-bird which has laid them."

"Did the stork bring me also out of the hot countries?" asked the little boy, who still lay with his nose against the window, although he had heard every word which was spoken.

"He picked thee out of the mill-dam," replied the father. "Thou knowest that little children are brought out of the mill-dam."

"But they have no clothes on," said the boy: "how can the stork, then, know which are boys and which girls?"

"Yes, on that account he often brings up a wrong one," returned the sergeant; "he brings us a boy when we expect a girl."

"Shall we not pass from the stork to the lark?" observed the tailor jestingly, whilst he took a blue bottle down from the cupboard, which was decorated with cups and cans; and amidst which sat a doll, just such as in Catholic countries one sees the Mother of God represented by.

"Mother Maria sits there very nicely," said the sergeant, pointing towards the doll. "You have dressed her yourself, doubtless?"

"The head is out of Austria," answered the

tailor; "the clothes I have sewn myself. Such things remind me of the journeys of my youth. Such a figure as this the children had placed on the table before the door; little candles burned near; and they begged from the passers-by. It is the Madonna's birth-day, said they. But you should see my changing-picture! I have made it myself." He pointed to a badly painted picture in a large frame. "It represents Dr. Faust, as he sits in the middle of his study. On one side stands a clock; it is twelve o'clock at night: on the other side lies the Bible. Pull the string, there, on the left. See! the clock changes into a devil, who leads Faust into temptation. Now, we will pull this string on the right, and the Bible opens, an angel comes forth from the leaves and speaks words of peace." As he had said, so did it happen; and near each figure came, at the same time, a motto to view, containing the temptation of the devil and the warning of the angel. The tailor again pulled the string on the right hand; the angel returned into the Bible and vanished; the devil only remained with Faust.

"Zounds!" cried the sergeant; "have you contrived that? You ought not to be a tailor; you have a head-piece!"

"I have put this picture together in imitation of a similar one I saw in Germany: the machinery I invented myself. Neither is the history

of Faust my invention: I saw it, during my travels, in a puppet-show. The angel rose out of the Bible to warn Faust; but the clock changed into Satan, who gained power over the doctor, when the angel retired and the book closed. This same Faust had an amanuensis. He knew the whole compact, and was himself on a dangerous path, but he drew back at the right time. Poor and miserable, one sees him in the last act, where he is a watchman in the town in which Faust lives. He knows that the devil will come to fetch his master so soon as he shall have announced twelve o'clock. One hears it strike twelve. The amanuensis, folding his hands, calls out, 'The bell has ——,' he dare not pronounce 'twelve,' but merely lisps 'tolled.' But that does not help him; Faust is borne away on red flames through the window."

"You are not made to sit upon a table," said the sergeant; "you only live in travelling and marching. In the field, that would be the life for you! Forward! March! The badge of honour on your breast! Before a year is past you will be a sergeant!"

"And my wife and child?" asked the tailor. "The lad must then follow as piper, and she as a sutleress! That would be no life for them! No, one must be free and alone, and then the whole world is open before one! Those were beautiful days when, for five whole years, I was my own

master! You see, sergeant, I was then just nineteen, and had neither father nor mother, nor any sweetheart either. Faaborg is a pretty little town, and there was I born and apprenticed. The neighbour's Marie was already woman grown, whilst I was still called the lad; therefore was I no little proud when the pretty girl, whom so many wooed, often extended her hand and smiled upon me in a friendly manner: but that she should become my bride, my thoughts never rose so high! I wished to travel as soon as I became a journeyman; the world, about which I had heard and read so much, I wished to see and become acquainted with. Therefore, when the master-piece had succeeded and my savings had been counted, my knapsack was strapped together, and I bade adieu to all my friends. Now, in Faaborg, the church is at one end of the town, the tower at the other. In the evening before my journey, as I was passing the tower, Marie met me. She threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on the lips. It was like fire, and never again did a kiss from any girl so penetrate to my heart; I wished that the whole world had seen how Marie kissed me. The town has no watch, and only on the tower wall stand two painted watchmen, the size of life: they still stand there, for they are painted up every year. How I wished they had been alive! I could not avoid saying to myself, in my

heart, you have seen how the most beautiful girl in the world has kissed me!"

"So, doubtless, you were engaged to each other?" observed the sergeant.

"By no means," returned the tailor. "I was as if born again, and my journey was commenced with a joyous mood. Five long years I travelled from one country to another; agreeable people, excellent masters I met with, but nowhere had I peace."

"And Marie's kiss was a bait to you; you took pleasure in the company of girls!"

"Now, I will not make myself out better than I am; but it is true that the first time when I abroad flung my arm round another girl, and received a kiss from her, my thoughts returned to Marie; it was to me as if she saw us, and the blood rushed to my face. I never felt myself forlorn among strangers, and often when I had worked a few weeks in a town it seemed to me as though I had always worked there, as though I had always sung songs with my companions. Only when I saw any thing which made me feel completely away from home, such as the old church of St. Stephen's in Vienna, or the lofty mountains shrouded in clouds, did Faaborg stand before my eyes, and all my old acquaintance; and whilst my eyes became moist at seeing all this splendour of the world, I thought involuntarily of the tower in my native town, and of the watch-

men who had seen how Marie kissed me, and it seemed to me that it would be still more beautiful in these foreign countries were the old tower with its painted watchmen there, and Marie beside it in her gay bodice and green skirt. But I whistled a little song, and my gaiety soon returned. Huzza! thus I wandered with my companions farther into the world!"

"But here with us it is also beautiful!" interrupted the sergeant.

"Yes truly, sergeant, there you are right! When the fruit-trees are in bloom, the corn-fields are as odorous as a pot-pourri! But you should only see how it is yonder, when one passes those mountains—the Alps, as they call them! It is just as though a large garden lay before one, a garden which completely cuts out the Glorup garden, and leaves all royal gardens completely behind it. Marble, white as sugar, they hew out of the mountains, and grapes hang there as large as our plums. Three years I remained there. Once a letter reached me from my sister's child out of Horne, and on the margin stood the words, 'Marie greets thee, and begs not to be forgotten:' they were from her own hand. Then my heart became tender. I knew well that it was love which I felt for Marie, and I had no longer any rest. A mighty yearning came over me, and I must away. Many nights I wandered solitarily along the road, past convents, through narrow village ways, over

hill and dale. At length I heard again the Danish tongue, saw the spires of Horne, the heath-hills at Faaborg; and when I sought Marie's hand she said 'Yes!' Since then I have travelled no more; I look at the storks when they depart and rejoice in their return. Yet, sometimes, I am not quite cheerful; but then Marie has her own way of consoling one. Once a-year we sail to Thorseng, and take a little exercise there. That is also travelling! The longer journeys the lad can take when he is grown up! There is courage in the lad, sergeant!"

"Therefore he shall drink of this clear stuff," replied the sergeant, and gave the little boy a half-filled glass. The lad seized the glass with both hands, and drank out of it till the tears ran out of his eyes.

"Here we have our little mistress!" cried the sergeant, as the mother entered the room at that moment. The full form and large brown eyes might have well recalled a heart from out the south.

A somewhat severe glance was cast on the husband; a short, but friendly greeting given to the sergeant, who tapped her in a friendly manner on the shoulder. "The whole love-history I have heard," said he; "have been with the master in the east and in the west."

"Yes, he has nothing else to do," replied she rather shortly, took off her shawl, and laid it in the drawer. "He should have remained there if

it was so splendid. God may know what he sought for here! Now it is too cold; again it rains too much! Therefore I say to him so often: Travel! no one keeps thee back. I can again go into service, and I shall earn bread enough for the boy."

"Marie," said the husband, "that thou dost not really mean! Had I not returned thou wouldst, perhaps, still have had no husband."

"I might have had three for one. The farmer's son from Örebäk courted me; but I was then such a fool as we women are, alas! only too often."

"Thou hast not repented!" said the husband, with a friendly manner, and laid his cheek against hers. She gave him a kiss, smiled, and went into the kitchen, where soon the fish was cooking for their small meal.

CHAPTER II.

" Saa gik de mellem Blomster,
Og favnede hinanden ;
Og baeved' höit af Fryd."
OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

In country towns, generally, each house has a garden, but the tailor's house had none. Yet one must have some sort of a garden, if it be only to grow a little garlic in, and this they had managed. It was, if we may be allowed to say so, a kind of hanging garden, such as the poor in northern countries possess. A large box filled with earth was their garden ; it was fastened up high on the roof of the neighbouring house, so that the ducks might not get to it.

Is green stuff wanted for the kitchen, a ladder must be put up to the box ; and this had to be done out of the kitchen. Between the shelves, ornamented with their pewter-plates and dishes, and the hearth, was the ladder fixed ; one person held the unsteady stairs whilst the other ascended to the ceiling, and, with half their body protruding through the opening, reached the garden. It

was, indeed, a joy for the little lad when his turn came to climb up the ladder! Once he had been permitted, swinging in his mother's arms, to ascend out of the opening, and even touch the edge of the box with his feet.

"We have, perhaps, more enjoyment in our box," said Marie, "than the Jew has in his beautiful garden."

"But we should very well like to have his garden," replied the husband. "Beautiful flowers are said to grow in it—splendid plants, which grow in no other garden here in Svendborg. On summer evenings, when the wind blows in this direction, we can smell the jasmine. Often the desire has seized upon me to climb up to the stork's nest, so that I might look down into the garden. Marie, that proud poplar which rises high over the house can stir strange thoughts within me. When in summer the full moon shines, it stands out so strangely contrasted against the blue heaven; it is then as if I saw the large cypresses in Italy. Then, often when thou hast slept, I have got up and opened the window, and if a gentle breeze has borne to me the scent of the jasmine I have fancied myself in Italy."

"Am I again to hear these speeches?" said Marie, and turned her back; but the little boy listened with open ears to his father's relations. How willingly would he also have flown with the storks to strange countries! Yes, how happy

would he have felt, could he only once have sat on the roof so as to see the Jew's garden! A mysterious world moved there. Once he had been with his mother in the house, and had seen the Feast of Tabernacles. Never could he forget the beautiful vaults of fir-trees, the heads of asparagus, the splendid pomegranates under the ceiling, and the fine unleavened bread. In the long winter evenings the father read aloud out of the "Arabian Nights;" his father's own travels sounded to him equally full of adventure; the stork was in his imagination a mysterious creature, like the roc; and the Jew's garden, which he had never seen, was like the home of Scheherazade with the golden fountain and the talking bird.

It was in the month of July. The little fellow played in the turf-shed which formed the boundary between his home and his fairy-land. At one end of the little house some stones had got displaced. The boy knelt down to spy through the crevice in the wall, but he could only see a few green leaves which were shone upon by the sun. With a trembling hand he ventured to loosen a stone; those that lay upon it slided down; his heart beat, he did not dare to move. After a few moments he again summoned courage. The opening in the wall was become larger, but still he could only overlook the domain of a strawberry-bed; but to the boy's imagination there lay in this a feeling of wealth, such as a grown-up

person experiences at sight of a fruit-tree overladen with fruit, when the branches, bowed by the rich weight, bend towards the earth. The leaves were large and full, though a few shone in the sun; others, on the contrary, retired into the shade; and in the midst of this luxuriant abundance hung two ripe berries, so fresh and red! The grapes of Canaan could not have excited more glowing ideas of fruitfulness than did those two strawberries! But in the contemplation lay also the temptation of gathering them; but that was not to be attempted: to have loosened a stone was sin enough for *one* day.

The following afternoon the stones still lay as ever. The green leaves quivered before the opening from the air, and the berries yet hung there! Then did the little hand move with fear and touch the berries, but without gathering them. But when the little hand a second time touched the enchanting fruit, and the fingers had already surrounded the stems, did another little hand touch his, and he drew it away so quickly that another stone fell out. He hid himself in fear, and only after a few minutes of expectation did he venture to glide forth and look through the opening. A pair of large brown eyes met his glance, but they vanished again as quickly; soon, however, shewing themselves again. They were the eyes of a sweet little girl; full of curiosity waited she, at a prudent distance from the opening.

It was Naomi, the child of the Jew's daughter, who was only a few years younger than the boy, and who was already known to him. He had seen her standing at her grandfather's windows; she had then little yellow laced boots on, and these had made an inextinguishable impression on him.

For some time the children gazed at each other without moving. "Little boy!" said Naomi, after some time, "thou mayest come into the garden to me; make the hole larger!"

And, as though a powerful fairy had commanded it, down slid two more stones.

"What art thou called?" asked she.

"Christian," answered the boy, as he thrust out his head into the garden, which was warmly shone upon by the sun. Naomi pushed aside the vine-leaves which shaded the wall, and Christian stood in the land of his dreams, forgetting himself in contemplation.

An older person would only have seen here a pretty little garden full of rare flowers, vines trained along the walls, a poplar, and at some distance two acacias: but we must see things as the one who had just entered saw them; we must, like him, breathe the strong odour of flowers, feel the warm sunbeams, behold the rich splendour.

Luxuriant, broad-leaved vines, the odorous honeysuckle, and blue and red convolvoli crept

over the wall, and formed a kind of tapestry. A crescent-shaped thicket of moss-roses closed around splendid stocks of unusual varieties of colour, from a deep purple to snow-white; their fragrance seemed to overpower all other odours. Beside the poplar, round which twined the dark green ivy with its firm leaves, stood Naomi, the lovely child with the gazel-eyes, and the brown complexion which betrayed her Asiatic extraction; but the blood shone fresh and beautiful through her round cheeks, shaded by her raven hair. A dark dress, confined by a leathern girdle, enveloped her slender little form.

She drew him to the bench under the acacia, where the pale red blossom hung down in thick bunches. The most beautiful strawberries were gathered. The boy looked around him, and imagined himself transported into another world, which lay far from his home. Then the stork on the roof clattered with his bill, and Christian recognised the nest and young ones which stood in it, and which seemed to observe him with their wise eyes. And he thought of his parents' little court-yard, of the box with the garlic, and of the eaves of the neighbour's house; and he was astonished to be so near them: the stork could overlook all.

Naomi now took him by the hand and led him into the small garden-house, which could scarcely have contained four people, but to the

children it was a splendid hall. The imagination of children can form castles and palaces out of sand.

A single window of dark red glass threw a magical light over the dark hangings of the walls, which represented all kinds of animals with flowers; an ostrich-egg, which from the ruddy light assumed a peculiar colour, hung under the arched roof. Naomi pointed to the window; Christian hastened within, and there lay every thing without in the most wonderful light. He was obliged to think of the burning mountain, about which his father had told him. All objects lay as in a sea of flame; every bush and every flower glowed; the clouds appeared fire upon a fiery ground; the stork itself, the nest, and the young ones all glittered.

"It burns!" cried the boy; but Naomi laughed at him, and clapped her little hands. As soon as the children looked at each other through the open door, every thing assumed its natural hue; nay, the green grass seemed to them still more lovely than before. The flowers had again their varied colours; the stork was again white, and had red legs as always.

"Shall we play at selling money?" asked little Naomi, drawing a bent through two leaves. This was to represent the scales; yellow, red, and blue leaves meant gold.

"The red are the best," said she. "Thou

must buy, but thou must give me something; that is the pledge. Thou canst give me thy mouth; we are only playing, I will not really keep it. Then thou wilt give me thy eyes, also." She made a motion with her hand, as though she would take them both, and Christian received red as well as blue and yellow leaves. Never had he played so gloriously!

"Good Heavens, Christian! art thou there in the garden?" suddenly cried his mother through the opening in the wall.

Terrified, the boy let go Naomi's hand, and crept back through the hole to the paternal domain, where his reception consisted in several rather heavy blows on his shoulders. The stones were then replaced, and similar tricks, as Marie called them, forbidden in future. Over her work, however, she delayed a little, looked at the garden, gathered the nearest strawberries, and put them into her mouth.

The following morning on the garden side a wooden wall was placed against the opening. Probably Naomi had mentioned the visit. In vain did Christian press the stones against the boards, dared even to knock at them; the entrance to the beautiful flower-land was closed.

The whole splendour, the trees and the flowers, the red windows, and the beautiful Naomi, stood before his eyes; in the evening he thought of them so long that sleep overpowered him.

CHAPTER III.

" Wirbelnd steigt des Rauches Säule durch der Mauern Riss empor,
Und der Schreckensruf um Hülfe gellt in das entsetzte Ohr."
GAUDY'S *Kaiserlieder.*

IT was night when Christian again woke; a strange ruddy light, like that which he had seen through the coloured glass, illuminated the room. He stretched his head out of bed: yes! the window-frames had the same fiery colour, the heavens the same burning brightness; the dark poplar appeared to glow;—it was, indeed, a joy to him to see these fiery colours once again.

Suddenly there resounded a cry; his parents sprang out of bed, the call of fire was heard. The whole of the Jew's house stood in flames; a shower of sparks fell in the neighbouring courts; the heaven was of a red hue, and the fire shot upwards in long tongues of flame. Marie gave her boy over to the care of her opposite neighbour, and busied herself in collecting together, in the greatest haste, her most valuable possessions,

for the fire had already seized upon the neighbouring house with the stork's nest.

The old Jew had his sleeping-room on the ground-floor, but he still slept, whilst the flames had already spun around him their deadly net. With the aid of an axe the tailor broke a hole through the wall, and went in, accompanied by some neighbours. There it was hot like the glow of an oven, but the wind bore the dazzling sparks over their heads.

Still the fire-bell did not sound; the watchmen shouted, but their whistles were silent. One had left his at home, because he had never used it; the other carried his about with him, but when he was about to whistle it had, as he himself said, lost its breath.

The door was now broken in, but still no one shewed himself. Suddenly a window sprang open: a cat, wild and screaming, made itself a passage, rushed up a tree, and vanished on the nearest roof.

Three persons, it was well known, were in the burning house: the old Jew and his granddaughter, the little Naomi (who composed the family), and old Joel, the pedlar Jew, as he was called, who formed the body of domestics. It is true that there was a female who belonged to the house, Simonia, who assisted Joel, but she did not pass the night there.

"Break in the window in the roof!" shouted

several voices, and the ladder was directed towards it. The smoke rushed thick and black through the window, the tiles already sprang with the heat, and the flames burst more boldly through the burning laths and rafters.

"Joel!" cried all, as he rushed out from the door, with an old dressing-gown thrown over his dry, yellow limbs. His long fingers grasped a silver cup, and beneath his arm was a box of papers. This was all which, as though instinctively, he had saved upon his flight.

"The grandfather and the child!" stammered he, as, overpowered by terror and heat, he leaned against the wall and pointed with his hand towards the room on the ground-floor. At this very moment the window there opened, and the old Jew, half naked, and with little Naomi in his arms, descended. The child clung fast to him; several persons near sprang towards them, and held the ladder.

The old man already stood with one foot on the ladder; he stooped over it with the child, when he suddenly hesitated, heaved a strange and dismal sigh, stepped back again, and vanished in the room. Black smoke and flames enveloped the window for a moment.

"Lord Jesus!" exclaimed the people below, "where will he go to? He will be burnt with the child! It is the money which he has forgotten!"

"Make way!" cried a powerful voice; and a man with dark and expressive features pressed through the crowd, sprang up the ladder, and with a firm hand seized hold of the window-frame, the upper portion of which was already wreathed with flame. The fire illuminated the room, the light quivered on the tottering floor; the man climbed up and entered.

"Was not that the Norwegian out of the Hollow Lane?" asked several voices,

"Yes, it was he! He is a daring fellow!"

The fire lit up every corner of the room in which he stood. Naomi lay on the ground; the old grandfather was nowhere to be seen; but a thick stifling smoke burst forth from a neighbouring room through the open door. The man seized the child, and sprang out upon the tottering ladder. Naomi was saved, but the grandfather lay already stunned in the chamber whither he had penetrated to the well-filled money-chests. The roof, cracking, fell together; a column of sparks, innumerable as the stars in the milky-way, rose high into the air.

"Jesus, have mercy!" was the short *miserere* for a soul which in this moment through the flames passed over to the life of death.

It was impossible to save any of the property, for every thing stood in flames. Simonia stretched forth her arms, sobbing, and full of despair, towards the burning house, where her

master had died the death of fire, and where but yesterday she had found a friendly shelter. Marie had taken in Joel, and thither was Naomi also taken.

"The stork! the poor stork!" suddenly cried all the spectators. The approaching flames shone upon the nest, on which stood the mother-stork, and extended her large wings over her young ones to protect them from the increasing heat. The little things pressed against each other, and were too much terrified to flutter out of the nest. The mother beat with her wings, and stretched her neck far out. "My stork! my dear bird!" cried the tailor; "the poor thing must not be killed!"

Immediately he placed the ladder against the roof, whilst others endeavoured, by shouts and the flinging of stones, to drive the stork from the nest; but the bird remained standing there. A thick, coal-black body of smoke drove, at this moment, along the wall; so that the tailor was obliged to hold back his head, whilst fire and smoke flew over him. The flames seized the dry sticks of which the nest was woven; it blazed up, and in the midst of the fire stood the faithful stork, and was burnt to death together with its young ones.

The next day was the fire extinguished. The Jew's handsome house was now only a smoking

heap of rubbish and ashes, among which were found the remains of his disfigured corpse.

Towards evening the tailor and his little son stood on the place of the burning. The smoke, which arose here and there, was a sign that the fire was still burning beneath the ashes. The whole of the beautiful garden was now a trampled wilderness; around lay black, half-burnt beams; the vines and the lovely convolvoli were torn down from the garden-wall, and lay flung upon the ground and trodden under foot. The beautiful stocks had vanished, the rose-bushes were broken and covered with earth, one side of the acacia was singed, and, instead of the refreshing breath of flowers, you now only breathed the smoke of desolation. That sweet little garden-house had also been pulled down. A little piece of the red window was, so to say, all that Christian discovered of his old memories; he looked through it, and the heaven glowed again as it had done when he looked through the red window with Naomi. Upon his parents' house he saw a stork; it was the father-stork, that had returned, and could neither find his nest nor the house on which his nest had stood.

"The poor bird!" said the tailor, affected; "the whole day has he been flying above the spot. Now he is going again. I will have a cross set up there, and then perhaps he will build

his nest there again. How he looks about for the mother and the young ones! They will never again fly together to the warm countries."

In the almost empty hovel stood old Joel, near to where the hole was in the wall. He supported himself against the wall, whilst his dark, moist eye was rivetted upon an object which, imperfectly covered, lay on an empty bedstead. His thin, pale lips moved convulsively, and in a scarcely audible voice he spoke the following words to himself:—

"A box, then, shall be thy coffin, thou rich son of the race of Solomon! the apron of a poor woman thy pall! Ah! no daughters of Israel will wash thy body; the red flames have done that. The fire was more dry than the herbs, more red than the roses which we cast into the bath of our dead. But thy tombstone shall stand at *Bet achaim*,* even should poor Joel be thy only follower. Thou shalt enter thy consecrated grave, where the black under-ground stream will carry thee to Jerusalem."

He removed the apron, and raised the lid from the box in which lay the consumed remains of his master; his lips quivered convulsively, tears streamed down over his wrinkled cheeks, but his words were hollow and not to be understood.

* "*Bet achaim*," *i. e.* the house of the living; the name given by the Jews to their burial-grounds.—*Author's Note.*

"Lord Jesus, be merciful to him!" exclaimed Marie, as she entered; but a blush overspread her countenance when she had spoken these words: she feared to have wounded the mourner by pronouncing the holy name in which he did not believe. "God may," repeated she, therefore, quickly and with emphasis,—"God will be merciful to him."

"His tombstone shall stand near his daughter's," said Joel, and again covered the melancholy remains.

"She lies buried in Frideritz," said Marie; "you must be taken a long distance to find a grave. I remember very well the night she was removed: her coffin was packed in straw, and her father, who now lies there in coal and ashes, and you, Joel, were with it. The rain fell in torrents from heaven. The poor child is the only one remaining. The old grandfather was Naomi's sole support."

"Her mother was of our people," pursued Joel; and then added, in a somewhat proud tone, "Our community allows no one of its body to perish. I, old man as I am, shall receive my bread, and I will divide it with her, if she find not a place at a more wealthy table. In the house of the Christian belongs the Christian child," added he, but in so low a tone that Marie could not hear.

"The child is with us," returned Marie; "for

God's sake let her remain here until something better offers: where the pot cooks for three, a fourth can eat his meal."

Late on the following evening, when it was become dark and quiet in the streets, there moved along a little band through the town towards the bridge of boats: first went the tailor, with a little lantern in his hand; Joel followed him, his bundle on his shoulder, the box under his arm; Marie, with Christian and Naomi, brought up the rear. The little girl wept bitterly; Joel kissed her hand and brow, and went on board the yacht which was lying under weigh. But few words were exchanged. Silently stood the rest of the party on the bridge, where the cables were loosened.

And by the light of the rising moon did Christian see how the sails unfolded themselves, and the vessel glided slowly along over the mirror of the sea, for all outlines shewed themselves distinctly in this moon-twilight.

Poets tell us of the Gipsies who took down their chief from the gallows, placed a crown upon his head, and clothed him in a purple robe, thus to lay him in the stream which should bear him to Egypt, where he would rest in the pyramids. A similar thought filled the boy's soul; it seemed to him as if Joel were travelling with the dead into a distant land of fancy, which, perhaps, was not far from the Jewish city, Jerusalem.

"How similar to the Rhine scenery near Mayence!" exclaimed the tailor, pointing across the straits to the island of Thorseng.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Marie, "how is it possible for thee to think of such things now? We ought to be in a rather graver mood, even though it be a Jew whom we bury. Poor people! even in death they have no rest: they must even travel to be laid beneath the earth!"

She looked sorrowfully after the vessel, which slowly glided along the waves, and every moment removed itself from the eyes of those who remained behind.

CHAPTER IV.

"Jetzt noch, mein Püppchen, ist's goldene Zeit;
Später, ach später ist's nimmer wie heut'!"

How easily and soon does a child forget its sorrows!—perhaps as easily and soon as we forget this earthly life when once we breathe in the other world.

Naomi had wept much at first over her grandfather; now a childish smile took the place of her early tears. The great blooming world had already turned on its axle, and that influences the sorrow of a child more than weeks and months are able to influence us, grown-up people. In the tailor's little room she soon made herself at home with her friendly playfellow. A pretty mourning dress had been sent her, and she had a deal of delight in it.

"May I wear it every day?" asked she;—"must not I take care of it? else it will be no longer new when I go into mourning again."

She did not inquire less after her pretty toys, her doll, and her little kitchen-ware, than after her grandfather. This should not appear singular to us: she spoke as all children speak. Quite delighted sat she on the high door-sill, with a large cabbage-leaf in her hand, which must at the same time be to her fan, arbour, and garden! The whole destroyed flower-garden, with all its odours, was supplied to her by this one leaf!

Ill-shapen, carelessly heaped-up stones, formed the steps of the street-door. Naomi sat on the steps; the apertures between the stones she called her mills, the sand which Christian poured into them was the corn which should be ground. They were forced to play as well as they could, for Christian had no playthings except a top, which must constantly spin round before Naomi; and certainly this top was very pretty: a brass nail was seen in it, and it was painted with red and blue rings.

"That is a dancing flower," said Naomi.

"No," cried Christian, "let it be our enchanted man who must serve in the mill, but who only does good when he receives many stripes. Listen, how he grumbles!—see, how he springs!"

"Now he shall die!" said Naomi; "then we will bury him, like the grandfather; and then we will play at mourning, and holding a funeral—that is so amusing!"

And Christian acted as both the chorister and sexton. The children laid the top in a hole, and scattered grass over it. They then played at the alarm of fire; the bells were rung, and people came to extinguish it. Some neighbours' children joined them, and the game assumed quite another character; they soon came to an understanding, and they were all soon friends and old acquaintance, although Naomi had never before seen these strange children. But the child has the same feeling towards the companions of his own age, that we older people have when we see flowers, with which we are acquainted: we greet them all as old friends, although each flower which is thus presented to us we see for the first time.

The game which the children next fixed upon no grown person would so easily have guessed: they took off their shoes, reared them up along the wall, and then walked up and down before them. This was an illumination which they were looking at.

It was then the custom in Svendborg, at weddings, for the guests to accompany, by torch and lantern-light, the bridal pair from the bride's to the bridegroom's house; therefore the children now seized upon the shoes, which were to represent lanterns, to conduct the bridal pair, Christian and Naomi. How glorious this game appeared to Naomi! and what were dolls, pictures, and flowers, in comparison with these living

playfellows? Tenderly she leaned towards Christian, who threw his arm round her neck and kissed her lips. She gave him the locket which hung upon her breast; with this she would adorn him, and then he would be a count; and they kissed each other again, and the other children stood round them and lighted them with their shoes.

This was indeed a singular picture of still life. The little swallows busily adorned the nests above them; the bridal chambers under the eaves, and the clouds in the blue heavens, seemed to meet and melt into each other: but they separated, the lower ones moved towards the east, the upper ones towards the west, even as the laws of nature governed these currents of air.

The children's game was suddenly interrupted: a kind of calash, such as was used twenty years ago, a clumsy machine of wood, painted blue, and lined on the inside with grey woollen stuff, rolled past them, over the uneven stone pavement. One may still see such vehicles in the country, and in small towns—well-to-do clergymen drive about in them; but the vehicle itself, the coachman, and the harness refer to another generation: they seem to have overlived themselves. The horses were in good condition, and had toupets; the coachman, in an antique livery, made a genteel face, which clearly betrayed how well aware he was that it was a noble family whom he drove.

The carriage drew up before the apothecary's shop, where a vast number of pill-boxes, medicine bottles, and ointment-boxes were exchanged for others, but all in the greatest haste. The carriage now drove on, but soon paused again before the tailor's door. Beside the coachman and footman, the carriage contained two ladies—a young one who seemed an inferior (perhaps a lady's maid), and an elder one, a tall and high-born lady of a sickly appearance; she was well wrapped up in shawl and cloak, and held from time to time a silver smelling-bottle to her nose.

It was the work of a moment for Marie to stand before the carriage and courtesy, then kiss respectfully the hand of the old noble lady, and assure her that her wishes should be immediately fulfilled.

The windows in the neighbourhood opened forthwith—nay, even several dames looked out from their doors, not, as now, in silk and gauze, but in red bodices, and their hair covered with caps. The children, who had ceased playing, stood looking on; the children had arranged themselves along the wall, and stood with their arms flung round each other. Christian understood of all this only that in great haste an apron was wrapped round Naomi, and that she was then lifted up to the strange lady in the carriage; and in all this it seemed as though nothing unexpected

were taking place. Marie courtesied, and the tailor stood at the door with his cap in his hand.

"I do not wish to ride," said Naomi, as they placed her in the carriage: but this she was forced to do, whether she wished it or no; and therefore she wept aloud, and stretched forth her arms towards the other children, whilst the carriage rolled away. Then the boy burst into tears, the separation was so sudden and unexpected.

"Now wilt thou be silent?" said Marie to him; "or else I will give thee something to cry for!"

"Where shall my wife go to?" asked he.

"Far away, to learn what the world is. Thank thy God that thou art neither fatherless nor motherless! Yes, some time thou wilt know what that is. How would it be with thee, if thou must travel away with strange people?"

She sank into a strange, grave fit of meditation, whilst she gazed at the boy, and then pressed him violently to her bosom. "Now thou mayest go and visit thy godfather in Hollow Lane," said she; "make haste, and use thy legs!"

She drew the boy with her into the room.

CHAPTER V.

" L'archet allait toujours, comme le balai au sorcier qui apporte de l'eau dans notre ballade allemande. Le violon et l'archet allaient toujours, toujours de nouveaux sons, de chants inconnus."—*Contes fantastiques, par* JULES JANIN.

THE town of Svendborg still bears the stamp of a little country-town of the last century; irregular houses, the upper stories of which protrude beyond the lower and rest upon isolated props, gable-ends which deprive the neighbour of all view at the side, broad flights of steps leading to the doorways, with stone or wooden benches placed on either side the door, are still every where to be found there. Many a door is still adorned with its Danish or Latin inscription, carved in wood. The uneven streets are like a paved chain of hills, over which, in a broken line, the way leads now up, now down. In some places one fancies one's self in a mountain city, especially in the Hollow Lane, which nowadays is well known as the forum of smugglers and low

adventurers. When one looks down from the elevated High Street into this lane, the view is certainly very picturesque. Huge blocks of free-stone piled one upon the other form the ground-floor of the nearest houses, and these, owing to the precipitate declivity, lie in a direct line with the second stories of the adjoining houses. In this manner, one sees from the High Street down upon the roofs and chimneys of the little neighbouring street, and overlooks a considerable portion of the Svendborg Sound, the whole wood-garlanded coast of Funen, together with portions of the islands of Langeland and Thurö.

In this street lived Christian's godfather. The boy had already reached the corner of the street, and looked over the houses towards the three-masted vessel, which even now seemed to be sailing over the chimneys.

As was always the case, the street-door of the godfather's house was locked, but in the room resounded the tones of a fiddle. Every one who has a feeling for music would have been astounded at the sounds. It was that melancholy lament which gave rise to the legend about Paganini's violin, that the *virtuoso* had killed his mother, and that it was her soul which spoke out of the strings.

Soon the tones passed over into melancholy. Ole Bul, the Amphion of the north, called the same thema the lament of a mother over the death

of her child. Certainly not so perfectly as these two masters in the art of Jubal, yet in the manner of both, did the godfather play, in the same manner that the green branch in all its minute parts resembles the tree to which it belongs.

Like Ole Bul, he was a Norwegian, and we have already heard him called so at the conflagration, when he rescued Naomi. His cradle had stood among rocks and ice-mountains. He often told Christian about his home, and of the Neck who lives in the mountain-torrents, and who sits in the moonlight on the waterfalls with his long white beard, and plays so enchantingly that one is tempted to precipitate one's self down to him. The poor son of Oceanus! when he played his very best the boys would only jeer him, and cry, "Thou canst not be saved!" and then would the river-god weep clear tears, and vanish in the stream.

"The Neck has, no doubt, taught thy godfather how to play," had a neighbour once said to Christian; and, from that time forth, the boy, each time he heard his godfather's violin, must think of the Neck in the roaring waterfall, and then he became quiet and thoughtful.

Therefore to-day he seated himself on the door-sill, leaned his head against one of the door-posts, and listened to the extraordinary tones: not until the fiddle ceased did he knock.

The man, whom we already know, and who

had scarcely passed his best years, opened the door. His brown countenance and his raven-black hair seemed to announce an inhabitant of the south, or Jewish extraction; which, however, the bright blue eyes strangely enough contradicted, so entirely indicating a dweller of the north, and so strangely contrasting with his bushy, black eyebrows. For a moment one could have imagined that the countenance and hair belonged to a mask, and that only a very fair person could have such clear eyes.

"Is it thou, Christian?" asked he, casting a squinting glance at the boy.

With feelings which were a mixture of fear and reverence did the boy regard him, for the presence of this man inspired something of that sentiment which is ascribed to the playing of the Neck and the glance of the serpent. If he were at home, he unceasingly yearned after his godfather, and it was his greatest wish to go to him, and yet, were he once there, that strange feeling fell upon him which overpowers us when, either we step alone in a fearful vault, or find ourselves in a dark wood where we have missed our way. Each time that he visited his godfather he received two small pieces of money as a present; yet it was not this money which attracted him thither, but his godfather's tales about the immense pine-forests and glaciers of Norway, about the magicians and spirits, but, above all, it was the

music, for his godfather's fiddle, in its way, related equally as wonderful things as his mouth.

When Christian had entered, the door was closed again. Upon the walls of the little room hung several pictures which had a peculiar interest for him: there were representations of the Dance of Death, in coloured prints, after the paintings in the Church of Maria at Lübeck; all must here take part in the dance, from the pope and the emperor to the child in the cradle, which exclaims, in astonishment,—

> "Oh, Death, this art how can I know?
> That I must dance, yet cannot go!"

Christian looked at the figures in the pictures, and it occurred to him that they all turned their backs to him; he inquired what this could mean?

"They have moved in dancing," answered the godfather, and arranged the figures. "Hast thou stood long outside the door?" he then asked.

"No, not long; thou wast playing on the fiddle, and I listened. If I had been here should I have seen how Death danced, and how the puppets moved? for it is all true which thou hast told me of them, is it not?"

"They shall be thine," replied the godfather, and took down the pictures from the wall. "Tell thy father that I have given them to thee; the

glass and frames, however, I shall keep myself. They are pretty figures, are they not? Thou canst like them? Am I not good? Speak!"

The little fellow replied in the affirmative, at the same time terrified by his godfather's sharp looks.

"Why hast not thou brought thy little playfellow with thee? She is called Naomi, is she not? You might both of you have come."

"She is gone," replied Christian; "she was driven away by the grand coachman." And then he related as well as he could all he knew of Naomi's sudden departure.

The godfather listened with a certain excitement, and then smiled. The fiddle-bow again danced away over the strings, and if they sang what passed through the godfather's mind whilst he smiled, his must have certainly been feverish and bad thoughts.

"Thou must also learn to play the fiddle," he suddenly broke forth; "that may make thy fortune: thou canst win money by playing, and drive away thy sorrows when thou hast any. Here, thou shalt have my old fiddle, for the best I cannot give thee yet. In this manner place thy fingers;" and, saying these words, he laid the violin on the little fellow's arm, and guided himself the bow in Christian's hand.

The tones rejoiced the little fellow, he had made them himself! His ear caught up each

one, and his little fingers passed easily over the strings.

Nearly a whole hour did the first lesson last. The godfather then took the instrument himself and played; that was fiddling! He trifled with the tones as a juggler who plays with his golden apples and sharp knives.

"Ah, only play how Death dances!" besought the boy, and the godfather drew forth some sharp tones so that the bass-string still vibrated, whilst the quinte hissed in soft tones.

"Dost thou hear the Emperor? He appears amidst the sound of trumpets; but now comes Death, he drives along like a whistling wind! Dost thou hear the Pope? He sings psalms; but Death shakes his scythe! Beautiful maidens float along in a giddy dance; but Death—yes, thou dost hear him?—he sings like a mourning cricket!" And the godfather closed his eyes; upon his brow stood large drops of sweat.

He then laid aside the violin, and opened the door of the garden which led down to the sea, where swam the wood-garlanded island in the quiet ocean. It was now the hour of sunset.

The whole garden consisted of one single cabbage plantation. Christian observed the plants attentively; they were just forming heads.

"The executioner would like them," said he.

"What art thou saying, boy?" asked the godfather in a severe tone.

"I mean, that the executioner would, no doubt, like to have these cabbages," pursued Christian; "for last year mother told me so, when we passed by his garden. She said, if I went apprentice to him, I must, every time cabbage was wanted, exercise myself in striking off the cabbage-heads with an axe, and hit just where my master had made a mark on the stem."

"Silence!" cried the godfather in unusual excitement, and pushed the boy so violently that he tumbled among the cabbages. By this means the locket came to view which little Naomi had given him.

"What hast thou there?" asked the Norwegian, assisting the boy to rise, and looking at the locket. He cast a glance at the lock of hair it contained, and distorted his countenance to that smile which the head of a dissected corpse is capable of displaying when the galvanic bar touches its tongue. Suddenly he turned back to the house, but soon again returned with the rolled-up pictures, and the two pieces of money wrapped in paper. He then opened the garden-door which led to the Hollow Lane, and the visit was at an end for to-day. But Christian heard not how the godfather's fiddle sounded in the gayest measures. It was the merriment of a slave-ship, where the poor slave, in order that he may enjoy exercise, is driven on with the whip.

The following day the Norwegian paid a visit

to Christian's father. He brought cabbage-leaves and fresh grass for the canary bird, and changed the cage of the natural musician into a green tabernacle. The little bird commenced a song of jubilee, and the Norwegian godfather listened with an attentive air to these bold, exulting tones, as though he would learn them from the bird and breathe them into his violin. The tailor listened with pleasure to the godfather's playing, for it awoke his recollections of distant lands. But Marie found something ghostly in his music, and we might almost grant that she was right.

In Paris there is a kind of engraving with the inscription *Diabolique*, in which is contained every diabolical conception which human fancy has been able to conceive. One of these represents a place of execution. A stake, on which the criminal is to be bound, stands up alone; high on this sits the devil with folded arms, and with his legs stretched out at right angles from the stake, so that stake and devil form together a Golgotha cross. A young woman kneels before this supposed holy sign, whilst every where appear jeering demon faces. At the first glance, one imagines she is praying before the cross; but one soon perceives that it is the devil before whom she kneels. A similar picture, but in tones, did the playing of the Norwegian present you with.

The instruction which he again this day im-

parted to the boy was to be regularly pursued several hours every week; for the boy used his fingers well, he possessed capacity and feeling for music.

"This may, perhaps, some time, gain him bread," said Marie.

"It may give him an opportunity of looking about him in the world," added his father.

"So, then, thou thinkest he shall be a vagabond!" remarked the mother. "Thou hadst much better have apprenticed him to the rope-dancer who passed through here the other day; he could then have travelled well about the world."

"Thou sayest something that is worth hearing!" remarked the tailor. "Perhaps he might have made his fortune there. Shouldst thou not like to be as light as a bird, Christian? to fly along the thin rope, whilst people are applauding thee! And then thou couldst travel from country to country, and couldst see a deal!"

"Yes, truly! and heavy blows he would get," answered Marie for the boy. "Oil upon his bread—that disgusting oil! by means of which those people become flexible. No, no, we will have nothing to do with this! Let him only play the fiddle; he is no juggler on that account."

"He shall play himself into the girls' hearts," cried the godfather. "I can see it in him that he will be a wild bird!"

"Yes," answered Marie, "let him become that if he will, but no liar or thief! Besides, his beauty will never make him very lucky with the girls. Heaven knows from whom the lad has got that strange face!"

Most parents consider their children handsome, but Marie belonged, in this respect, to the rare exceptions; for she could see that her son was not handsome. Yet, neither could any one call him ugly. If you step into the Church of St. Nicholas, in Svendborg, you see, in the principal aisle, a large painting hanging against the wall; the pastor Monsing presented it to the church when his wife died. In it stands the pastor and his wife, with their two daughters and seven sons, represented the size of life. Before them lie three little children, in swaddling clothes, as dead. The number of these children, therefore, is twelve; and all, with the exception of one, who seems to be the youngest, are handsome. This child the painter has represented with a rose in his hand, as though he would give him something beautiful. Our Christian resembled this portrait; the likeness was so strong that the parents themselves were struck by it; and the godfather's words had reference to it when he said, "the fiddle shall be a rose in his hand, as in the picture in our church."

CHAPTER VI.

Tink.—Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim,
Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim bim, bim!
Hammer.—Han skal huske Klokkens Klang.
Vaudeville by HEIBERG.

"SOME day, when I sail to Thorseng, I will take Christian with me," said the Norwegian godfather at his departure.

It was the middle of August when this festival-day was announced to little Christian with the words, "To-morrow we will travel!" The weather must be fine: the sun had set in a clear sky, and no clouds shewed themselves in the west.

"Is it long till to-morrow?" asked the little fellow when he was gone to bed.

"Only shut thy eyes and go to sleep, and it will be morning before thou art aware," replied the mother. But, in the night, Christian woke up again, and asked how long it would be before morning.

"Shall I get up and close thy eyes for thee?"

was the answer he received, and he dared not ask another question.

At day-break he was at length permitted to rise. The clean hempen shirt, with the collar of fine linen, was put on; and then his Sunday clothes and the new laced boots with white seams.

His godfather already waited for him at the door; and now they set out on their journey. Not towards the bridge of boats did the two direct their steps, for this was not the week-day on which the ferry took over citizens free; but they went to St. Jürgenshof, the fishing-village. A thick mist had fallen, so that the meadows gleamed like lakes; the birds sang, and the godfather imitated their notes. There was no time for gathering flowers, but a long spray of white convolvolus was snatched from the wall of earth and wreathed round Christian's hat, in which was stuck a small green branch as a feather.

In the hollow way, where still an old cross stood, a relic of the Catholic times, sat a group of merry country people, who devoured their breakfast and passed the pitcher of ale round from hand to hand.

> "In his hat wears my sweetheart a feather,
> In Copenhagen the monarch he serves,".

sang one of the girls, whilst she stretched forth her hands towards Christian; but the godfather

flung his arm round her waist, and pressed a kiss on her lips.

Through the quiet wood, which is appropriated to the minister's use, they reached the old church and the convent-farm, which rise in the southern point of Funen, close to the deep straits of Svendborg. To the left, beneath the heights, lay the fishing-village with its red chimneys; the fishing-nets being spread out on the willow-trees. In the low stone basin rocked a boat; two men were busied in it scooping out the rain-water and loosening the sail of the light vessel. They evidently expected the arriving party.

"Will you take that lad with you?" asked one of the men with a grave mien.

"He is my little ass, my little beast-of-burden," replied the Norwegian, smiling. "He shall see Thorseng, the castle, and the tower of Breininge. Art thou not a pious little ass?"

He then seized hold of one of the oars himself, for the wind blew so faintly that they were obliged to assist the sail. The boat flew over the clear green water, leaving behind, on the broad expanse, its foamy track. Christian sat beside the rudder, near the steersman. The jelly-like sea-anemonies lay, like transparent flowers, on the watery mirror, betraying life by their gentle movement on the calm water. The green sand-bottom which he had at first seen gradually disappeared, and the little boy only saw the

boat and his own form in the watery mirror, which returned his greetings in a friendly manner. They now cut across the current, and glided then into the shadow which the coast of Thorseng threw upon the water. The godfather lifted his hat a little — he appeared to do so quite accidentally, yet was this an old custom of his country; a greeting given to the Neck, whose power is strongest so far as the shadow of the rock extends.

Now were the oars laid aside, and they set foot on the lovely island of Thorseng. The godfather and the fishers spoke secretly among themselves, but Christian did not hear what they said. The new prospect, the rich luxuriance of growth which surrounded him, overpowered his curiosity.

They ascended ever higher between houses and gardens. Richly laden fruit-trees stood on either side the way, huge props supported the boughs bending beneath the weight of their rich blessing. Wild hops wound themselves over the hedges; and far below, at the declivity of a hill, lay a peasant's cottage, around which the hop-poles were so placed that they partly rested on the roof; and the hops, like the richest vine-foliage, twined their many-leaved sprays and seemed to form tabernacles. Before every house was a flower-garden. The hollyhocks sent forth flower after flower of red and yellow, and almost

reached half-way up the houses. Here, where every thing lay protected, the heat was still more powerful. A stranger, suddenly transported to this region, would have fancied himself in some more southern country. The Svendborg Sound would have reminded him of the Danube. Yes, truly, here it was summer! glorious summer! The wild mint sent forth its odour from the ditches, which were shaded by blood-red barberries and the elder, the berries of which were already forming.

"It will be a hot day for us," said the godfather, but they immediately consoled themselves with the hope that a cart would soon come and take them up.

Not a single cloud shewed itself in the whole sky. A bird of prey flew up, and with the many strokes of its wings directed its course towards the near wood. The whole heat of the day seemed to rest upon the back of this bird. The godfather was unusually gay; he made Christian a trumpet out of the stem of a reed, and pushing the pith out of an elder-branch made him, also, an excellent whistle. All this took place during their wandering, and amidst various subjects of conversation.

A cart now rolled past, enveloped in a cloud of dust, which resembled the smoke of a cannon which has just been fired, and which seemed to rest in the air. The cart stopped and the

travellers were willingly taken up, and Christian even received as a present a large cabbage-leaf, full of black cherries, from the peasant, who apparently knew the godfather very well.

In the next moment a company joined itself to them: two troopers overtook them.

Upon a peaceful island there are no robbers, and yet these new-comers had a somewhat suspicious appearance. Each had a pistol in his breast-pocket, and a loaded piece under his arm. They commanded the peasant to stop, at the same time casting searching glances around. They then examined the cart, but having found nothing suspicious they made a light excuse, and rode away as fast as they had come.

Whilst all this occurred the godfather had kept himself completely passive, but the peasant muttered scornfully. "This time they have fished nothing," said he.

"That must be a bitter life," added the godfather. "In summer it may be all very well, but when the white bees swarm, and the wind hisses over from the sea, it must be hard enough to wander about the whole night, only at last to be led by the nose by cleverer fellows. Take care, Andreas Hansen! they have got you in view! I might almost get into bad repute myself," added he smiling, "because I travel with you."

Who were these men, and what did they search for? Long did the whole affair busy little

Christian; but at length the gay prospect which the day presented drove away all recollections of it. He saw the old castle of Thorseng again, where he had already been once with his parents. It was the largest building which he had ever seen, for it was even larger than the churches in Svendborg. He, as yet, only knew the exterior; and at most he had only peeped through the window. It happened, fortunately, to-day, that travellers were there to see the castle; and thus he ascended the high flight of steps with his godfather, and wandered through the long corridors and great halls. Many portraits of old times—portraits, the originals of which had long since turned to dust, gazed down upon him. To each date associated itself a history or legend, which lend such an effectual light to old paintings; a meaning such as resembles that produced when we behold a marble statue by torch-light. The portrait of a blooming woman, who smiles in the consciousness of beauty, sinks us in melancholy when we reflect that centuries have fled since she rejoiced in life.

Not for all the treasures in the world would Christian have slept in the old canopy-bed, with its rustling silk hangings. No doubt in the night the figures would step out of the frames and tapestry; and Niels Juel, the admiral, with his sword, take his place in the gay arm-chair with the high back. Even the long mirrors, in which

you could see yourself from head to foot, had something mysterious for Christian, who had only been accustomed to see his little face in his father's shaving-glass.

Therefore he breathed more freely when he was once more in the open air, and felt far happier when he had reached the fishing-hut on the shore, where the wife left the gooseberries to his free disposal, and the fisher-boys shewed him their boat which they had made out of their father's wooden shoe, but which, nevertheless, was adorned with masts and streamers, and which sailed as proudly on the high water as the other well-manned vessels. A large glittering insect flew by chance past the little vessel, settled on the sail, and beat with its transparent wings. That was a living passenger whom they had on board, and at this the children jumped for joy and clapped their hands.

Close beneath the island of Thurö lay a smack. The godfather rowed thither, put to, and had a deal to say to the people on board. Christian did not accompany him.

The sea was calm; the sun shone hotly.

"Thou must now, for once, go with me into the water," said the godfather. "To-day they forgot to forbid it us, thinking that this excursion was on land merely."

Christian smiled; he would right willingly

swim in the refreshing waters, for at home he was only allowed to take off his stockings and go up to his knees in the water.

"This is another kind of bath to that which thou hast at home, when thou standest in thy mother's wash-tub, and hast a stream of fresh water poured over thy head. Now, pull off thy clothes, my little lad!"

Christian obeyed. The Norwegian himself stood there like an Athlete. He raised the little fellow high up in the air, placed him on his shoulders, and made him bend his legs back underneath his arms. It was the image of St. Christopher with the child Jesus.

A mighty splash resounded from the water, which closed above them, and played in large circles where they had vanished. In the next moment appeared the dark countenance of the godfather again above the water, his bright hair hung over his brow and cheeks, but Christian was not to be seen; he had slipped away during the plunge. The godfather did not miss him an instant, before he again dived below, touched the bottom, seized the boy, and appeared once more on the watery mirror. Salt water streamed out of the little fellow's mouth, and he began to cry.

"For shame!" said the godfather, appearing as though nothing had happened out of the usual course; but his pulse beat faster than usual. It

was well that this adventure passed off in this way; he little conjectured that a far greater one awaited them that evening.

One of the most beautiful views on the island is seen from the church-tower at Breininge. Here in the inn one finds, as on the Brocken, and at other well-frequented places, a book, in which the traveller writes his name, accompanied with a sentimental effusion in bad verse, or a piece of wit, which only amused the author.

It was in the war-time, and a telegraph had been placed on the tower, from which the black tablets whispered their dead, yet so significant language, magically through the air. The sun yet stood above the horizon as the godfather and Christian mounted up the tower to visit the new telegraph-inspector.

The straits, the islands, and the Belt, lay stretched out before them like a map. Beyond Thurö and Langeland, which shone above the waters like flower-beds, you perceived the coasts of Zealand. Many sails glided over the expanse of ocean; in the irregular bay lay ships at anchor, and fishing-boats moved up and down. But these black tablets attracted the boy's attention more than the natural beauties. He knew that they could speak the language of the deaf and dumb; he had himself seen them sink down, rise again, and assume various positions.

The godfather sat at the covered table; but

Christian was deep in various games with the two active sons of the telegraph-inspector. They left the room to play at hide-and-seek.

Christian crept through an opening in the wall, by which you reached the two large bells. A large beam lay between the two bells, and you could walk over this to the sounding-hole, which was situated in a recess in the tower wall. The sun cast his long beams through the aperture, motes revolved round their axle. Through the sounding-hole one could certainly see down below one; that was another amusement, whilst the children sought for him. Therefore Christian danced along the beam between the bells, and could now overlook the whole island and the sea with its vessels. He soon heard the boys in search of him ascend the steps, and saw how they thrust their heads through the opening by which he had himself entered.

"Art thou there?" asked one of the boys. "Here we dare not enter; the bells might strike us dead."

Christian returned no answer. Should he let himself be frightened? The bells hung as quiet and immovable as if they were walled up fast; besides, they could not reach to where he stood. The boys who sought for him retired.

The sun now stood on the edge of the horizon, and appeared as if he would quickly hasten away. Christian could distinctly see how he sank ever

lower, and at length quite disappeared. The evening twilight spread itself, and he looked towards the great bell which hung before the sounding-hole niche. Suddenly it trembled, and made a slight movement. He now wished to go, but at that moment the bell raised itself higher, and turned to him the whole opening of its mouth. Terrified he shrunk back, and pressed against the wall. The first stroke of the bell sounded in Christian's ears.

It was here, as in all Danish village-churches, the custom to ring at sunset, and no one had the slightest idea that a human being was in the belfry.

Instinctively he felt that, did he take a step nearer, the bell would crush his head. Yet louder, and even louder, resounded the strokes on the hollow metal. The quivering air and his terror powerfully worked upon the poor boy; cold sweat started from all his pores; he did not dare to turn round, his eyes stared into the hollow bell each time that it swung quivering above him. He called loudly for help, but no one could hear his cry of anguish; he felt that his voice amidst the strokes of the bells echoed unheard.

Overpowered to his very inmost soul by the most fearful anguish, the bell appeared to him the jaws of some immense serpent; the clapper was the poisonous tongue, which it extended to-

wards him. Confused imaginations pressed upon him; feelings similar to the anguish which he felt when the godfather had dived with him beneath the water, took possession of him; but here it roared far stronger in his ears, and the changing colours before his eyes formed themselves into grey figures. The old pictures in the castle floated before him, but with threatening mien and gestures, and ever-changing forms; now long and angular, again jelly-like, clear, and trembling, they clashed cymbals and beat drums, and then suddenly passed away into that fiery glow in which every thing had appeared to him when, with Naomi, he looked through the window-panes. It burnt, that he felt plainly. He swam through a burning sea, and ever did the serpent exhibit to him its fearful jaws. An irresistible desire seized him to take hold on the clapper with both hands, when suddenly it became calm around him, but it still raged within his brain. He felt that all his clothes clung to him, and that his hands seemed fastened to the wall. Before him hung the serpent's head, dead and bowed; the bell was silent. He closed his eyes and felt that he fell asleep. He had fainted.

His first feeling of life resembled a dream, a bad dream. All was dark around him, and it must be so, for he lay in the serpent's belly: the serpent had then swallowed him after all; it was alive and not dead, for he could feel how it moved

with him, pressed his limbs together, raised him up, and again bent him down. That was a severe struggle.

"Put the church-door key into his mouth!" he heard said, but out of the far distance, and the sound vanished, and together with it his horrible dreams. He awoke, and felt himself quite weak.

A strange woman and the godfather stood beside him; he lay upon a bed.

He had been missed and found. Strong convulsive fits had been his sufferings, of which he knew nothing more. He was now come to himself again, his eyes only pained him still. He recollected clearly every thing that had occurred.

"May God preserve his senses!" sighed the woman.

"A beating, a good beating, he ought to have!" said the godfather; for he has deserved it."

"Yes, my lads have had their share, that I can assure you," returned the woman, "although they are not to blame for the misfortune."

Christian received a biscuit with honey, to strengthen him and revive his courage. The godfather raised him on his shoulders, and carried him down to the shore, for he must and really would return that night. The lights in Svendborg glittered clear over the water; beneath the coast lay fishing-boats, with their bright fire for the eel-fishing: every breeze was hushed in the cool summer's night.

CHAPTER VII.

" Ade! ich fleige nun davon.
Weit! weit!
Reis' ich noch heut."

TIECK.

COMMON superstition affirms that the pollen of the barberry is a poison for grain; the heavy ears become spotted by the biting sap. The noble poppy of the most dazzling white changes its hue, if it grow among coloured ones. Environment is the invisible hand which is enabled to mould the material in its developement.

When the sculptor commences modelling the clay, we do not yet understand the work of art which he will create. Time and labour are necessary before the plaster-cast exists, and the chisel after the model animates the marble. How much more difficult is it, then, to discover in the child, the worth and fate of the man! We here see the poor boy in Svendborg; the instinct within him, and the influence without, shew, like the magnetic needle, only two opposite directions. He must either become a distinguished artist or

a miserable, confused being. The pollen of environment already begins to work upon him.

The god of music, already in the cradle, gave him the consecrating kiss. But whether the goddesses of the times will one day sing him inspiration or madness, who can say? The division between both is often merely a thin partition. Will he some time, perhaps, excite the admiration of thousands, or in a miserable public-house, the violin under his arm, as an old man, act the fiddler to wild and rude youths, who mock him as a fool—he, whose soul received the unseen consecration of Music?

We know that the Duke of Reichstadt came lifeless into the world. In vain were all means tried to call him back to life; then thundered the hundred cannon, he opened his eyes, his pulse beat. This was the son of the great Emperor, and on this account the whole world learned this circumstance of his birth. But no one knew that the son of poverty entered life under similar circumstances. He also was a born corpse, laid on a bed beneath the broken window-pane, when suddenly flutes and violins resounded from the street, where were playing itinerant musicians. A melancholy girl's voice was heard, and the little one opened his eyes and moved the already cold hand. Was it their tones which recalled his soul to labour here upon earth? or was it chance this, Solomon's sword of reasoning men?

A rare artist must he become, or a miserable bungler—a sparrow-hawk with yellow wings, which for this superiority is pecked to death by its companions. And if he should become such a being? What comfort would it afford him, what comfort to mankind, full of proud prejudice? Like the snow-flake which falls into the running stream is he buried and forgotten, and only the works and names of a few elect pass over to the next century. Enviable fate! But future joys may await him in the new state of existence, whilst the happiness of fame lies far distant, in a world into which he cannot enter, in which he can take no part. What does that matter? Is it not all one how high we may be placed in life, if we are only firmly placed? So sounds the consolation of the world! This is the wavering self-consolation, with which the mighty wave of human life rolls on towards the coast of eternity!

The stem of the fir-tree forms knots which betray the age of the tree; human life has also its perceptible rings. An important point of change, a kind of decisive moment in Christian's life, was this summer, through his acquaintance with Naomi, the musical instruction, and the visit to Thorseng.

As the flower turns her chalice to the sun, so did his soul yearn after sweet tones. The organ attracted him towards the church; the simple chanting was to him the "Miserere" of an Allegri.

He envied the prisoners in the town-hall, who, on the king and queen's birth-days, heard music over their prisons the whole night through, for then was a ball given in the town-house. Thus, as his nerves became more excitable, did his ears open more and more to the language of sweet tones. The convulsive fits which, since the unfortunate journey to Thorseng, had never left him, often returned, and left behind a strange vibration in the eye-lids, and a pricking pain in the eyes themselves, whilst at the same time all objects shewed themselves in endless changing colours. His body languished, and his soul's life was a mingling of fancies and of dreams. On such a mind his father's constant yearning after travel, and his godfather's eccentricities, produced the same effect as air and water upon the child born and brought up in the valley of the Cretins. School-life would have alone been able by its severe, rational discipline, to breathe a cool air into this sirocco of the imagination, which weakened his mind and body; but at this time there was no regulated school for poor children in the whole town. An honest old man, Mr. Sevel, and his deaf wife, were the only people who devoted themselves to teaching; and to this end had taken up their abode in the old convent, which now, together with the ruins of the church, is pulled down.

The monks, both in the north and south,

knew how to build their cloisters in the most beautiful neighbourhoods. Close to the shore of the strait of Svendborg lay the convent of the Grey Brothers, with its beautiful prospect towards Thorseng and Thurö; the vaulted hall, which might, perhaps, once have served as a dining-hall, was now converted into the school-room; in the little niche where once stood the crucifix had the rod and knitted stocking now taken their place. Beneath the vaulted roof, on benches and foot-stools, sat the younger generation, with Dr. Martin Luther's little Catechism in their hands; in which the picture of the Chinese with the long pipe, and of the Virgin Mary with the Child, were certainly not very Lutheran, but nevertheless excited the most interest. The few narrow windows were placed tolerably high; therefore it was no wonder that the children sprang upon benches and table to look out towards the green woods and the large ships, as soon as ever Mr. Sevel and his deaf wife left them for a moment.

Close to this school-house lay the desolate old church, out of which the epitaphs and altar had vanished, but upon the walls were still seen half-obliterated frescoes, richly surrounded with monkish inscriptions. In the aisles still lay the tomb-stones; the windows were broken; but grass grew long in the crevices of the walls, and the swallows built their nests where formerly the

brazen lamps had hung. Still stood the *Jesus hominum salvator* in iron letters over the church-door, which was opened upon certain occasions. At such times, did the school-youth chance to be near, they would stream into the church and raise their Vandal-like cry, which through the strong echo produced a peculiar effect.

Upon Christian, on the contrary, the church produced quite another effect; he became there quiet and introverted, although no place was dearer to him than this, for here he found food for his dreams, and was nearer to the legendary and spiritual world. He could gaze so long at the faded pictures, until at length the figures seemed to move their eyes; he could sit so long upon the gravestones, and spell out the inscriptions, until at length he heard the dead knock upon the tombstone, and he in terror ran away. When the grass swayed by the breeze quivered against the broken windows, or a terrified swallow flew about the vaulted roof, he thought of unseen ghosts, who played with the long grass, or chased the birds out of their sleeping-rooms.

His body became sick; the convulsions returned oftener. Medical advice they did not seek, for the people have no thorough faith in it; and then it costs money! Marie also thought that one might be made ill by the stuff the physicians prescribed; she knew a never-failing remedy for all internal complaints—a few drops

of juniper taken in brandy: they dispersed the complaint, and were strengthening. This medicine was administered to Christian.

Time passed on, and the illness was no better. Therefore it would be advisable, said Marie, to speak with the wise woman at Quärndrup, if opportunity offered. This arrived, and all kinds of sympathetic remedies were tried. Christian's arms and legs were measured with worsted threads, and he must carry on his heart consecrated earth and the heart of a mole: this was an infallible remedy.

Thus passed weeks and months for nearly two years. The wise woman counselled a visit to the Frörup well. Many a sick person, whom no physician had been able to cure, had there recovered his health. Marie placed as much confidence in the healing virtues of this miraculous well as she did in the words of her Bible. The superstition still exists among the people, that a miraculous sanative power is possessed by several springs in Denmark. The country people of Funen consider St. Regissa's spring, which rises near the village of Frörup, as the most efficacious mineral well, and, as a so-called well-fair is held there, people stream thither in great crowds. From a circuit of many miles, nay, even from beyond Odense and Svendborg, the sick go there on St. John's eve, partly to drink the water of the spring, partly to bathe themselves in

it, and to spend the night in the open air. Three successive years must the sick person visit the well; if he is not healed within that time, nothing in the world can cure him, say the people.

"Only journey to the well!" had said the oracle; "only journey to the well, and you will perceive a change!"

There lay in these words an unconscious prophecy; for there awaited not only the boy, but the whole family, a great change owing to this journey: or, at least, it was by means of this journey more speedily brought about. How often afterwards did Marie say, "Yes; had not we then travelled to the well, perhaps now every thing would have been quite otherwise! Perhaps? yet we have had our free will to act with."

Marie considered it her duty to visit the well with the boy; she would otherwise have much to account for to God did she neglect it. Her husband had no such strong faith in this wonder-working spring, but he willingly embraced every opportunity of getting into the fresh air, and therefore made no opposition. His friend, the sergeant, had just come to the town to pay a visit there, for the regiment in which he served was lying in Odense.

The spring of St. Regissa lay several miles from Svenborg; the high-road, however, passed

it, and thus the mother and boy could travel in some carriage returning from Svendborg to the fortress of Nyborg on the Great Belt. The two friends, however, wandered on foot; they would not be bound by any thing, in order that they might choose their way through woods and valleys. A painter can certainly give us the colouring of a beautiful spring day; yes, he can make us feel the warm air, but he is unable to create the aromatic beauty which operates equally agreeably on our well-being, with the form and colour of objects. The host of little birds sang, and the tailor joined in, singing, as in foreign countries,—

"Travel on foot through the land,
Then a kind greeting thou wilt understand.
Travel on foot!"

jodelled he, and was soon again deep in the relation of his wandering life beyond the Danube and Po.

"Ah, see! there flies a stork! Ah, my poor stork never returned again! Has he, perhaps, died from sorrow for the loss of his wife and young ones? or is he, perhaps, still on his travels in order that he may forget them? God forgive me! but I really believe one may forget every loss on a journey."

"That I also believe," said the sergeant. "Therefore—yes, I have never been able rightly to express my opinion before your wife; she

might have formed a bad opinion of me — you should take the thousand dollars; for so much gives many a peasant's son, nowadays, to remain at home. Some one must take his place. With that money Marie and the boy might live free from care, thou wouldst become an under-officer, and wouldst travel again abroad; and this is that for which thou alone seemest to live. These are unsettled times; no soldier knows whither he may come; France lies as near to us as Germany."

The tailor shook his head. "That Marie would never forgive me," said he; and, somewhat affected, added, "I believe, also, that without her I could not live. No, no! do not let us speak more of this."

Quickly they now directed their steps towards the estate of Broholm. The leaves of the wood were transparent, the violets grew in complete clusters, the wood-flowers bloomed in all colours, and between the trees they saw far over the Great Belt, and the shores of the Island of Langeland, which rose, with its forests and windmills, high above the sea.

Do we read Prince Pückler-Muskau's "*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*," the lovely country-seats of England present themselves before our eyes; we see distinctly the avenue of large old trees which leads to the court. Such an avenue leads to the house of Broholm. Wilhelm Müller's songs are

complete little pictures; the mill-wheels whirl round before our eyes, and the water dashes over the great wheel. Such a mill is close by this avenue of which we have spoken, but so deep, that "the beautiful miller's wife" must lean back her sweet little head to see those who pass on the road. From our popular Danish legends float in our memory calm lakes, in the midst of which once stood an island, with its castle; but island and castle vanished, and now the swan swims over the towers. Such a lake borders the avenue and the mill, and the island lies still in it, with its old castle; the large round tower, with its copper pinnacles and high spire, reflects itself in the waters of the lake: that is the country-seat of Broholm. Still are the castle-walls provided with loop-holes, and there still flows fresh, clean water in the castle-moat.

In the vaulted servants'-hall, the roof of which rests upon strong pillars, sat our two travellers at the long table, upon which might be read the names of all the servants. There sat a third stranger at the table, a young peasant from Örebäk, the brother of Marie's first wooer.

The exterior of the castle is unchanged even at the present day. The huge pair of antlers decorate the huntsman's door, and the entrance to the apartments of the family is through the high tower—there where the winding staircase, formed of huge beams laid over each other, leads

to the battlements. Along the garden-wall still grow, in the inner court of the castle, the long rows of blooming linden-trees.

Every emblem of a former age reminded the tailor of similar things which he had seen during his wanderings in Germany, and he drew comparisons each time. Such splendid lindens as these he had only seen in Bohemia, in the long shady avenues where he had sung to his *Krasna holga.** The old castle itself, with its high towers, he fancied he had seen far away on the Danube, as the boat glided merrily past, over abyss and whirlpool. Yes, the cool vault in which he now sat drinking, between the two thick pillars, reminded him of the convent cloisters. And of what the heart is full will the mouth speak, let it please other people or not.

"Then travel again!" interrupted, at length, his drinking companions.

"I must now put on the red coat," said the young peasant; "in four weeks I must enter: but I have been counselled, and am also inclined to take a representative. I would count you a thousand dollars in bills, down on the table, if you would like to serve in my stead."

A thousand dollars in bills! What a perfume lay in these white leaves! a perfume which was able to fill the heart with dreams of riches. The

* His beautiful girl.

poor tailor looked up and saw the green tops of the linden-trees through the high window. Were they these green leaves or those white ones which most strongly influenced his heart?

Without the castle-court stands the trunk of an old oak. At that time the entire tree was yet preserved, and a large iron cross, a memory of Catholic times, was fastened on the trunk. When the Spaniards lay in Funen, in the year 1808, this tree was to them a way-side crucifix, an altar under the free heaven, before which they knelt down and worshipped. Those figures burnt by the hot sun lay here among the fresh green, and rivetted their dark eyes, full of confidence, upon the holy sign; the priest stood there, and the psalm resounded in the foreign melodious tongue. Now the old oak was no longer what it had been; the lightning had destroyed its vigour, and there arose only one single green branch from the scorched trunk. The road was to be improved, and therefore the old tree must away. Already had the axe penetrated deep; a long rope was attached to the trunk, and at a proper distance horses were fastened to it. The tree must soon fall.

The tailor and his travelling companions stood on the road as the whip was cracked, and the horses with all their power pulled away for the first time. The old stem trembled, but yet stood firm. There was another attempt, and it sank

with a cracking sound to the earth, twisted itself in falling, and turned the iron cross towards the sky; thus lay there the proud corpse with its order on its breast.

The sergeant made a similar observation. But the tailor, absorbed in thought, looked upon the ground; that upon which he meditated became ever clearer and clearer to him. "To meet with death upon the field of honour is, after all, the best lot! and then one may escape with life. Oh, if only Marie would think so!"

"How!" asked the sergeant, "will you not then try your luck? Life in the open air is quite a different thing to eternally sitting upon a table. This morning you saw the first stork; he flew, that means that you also will fly away."

The tailor was silent.

Straight across the road lay the old oak, in the wide-spreading crown of which the stork, hundreds of years ago, had rattled with his bill his good tidings of hot summer days. The old castle reflected itself in the water. Appearance and reality formed a beautiful whole. The locality and the surrounding objects worked together upon the soul of the dreamer, like the musical wand of the natural philosopher upon the glass tablets; significant musical figures arose.

Stalactites, the wings of the butterfly, and the flying clouds, have all their strange natural hieroglyphics, which man knows not how to explain,

although they announce the strength of a world understood only in its developement. The heart of man sometimes exhibits similar ciphers, which it is itself unable to comprehend. The unseen director of fate writes there his *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*, and a necessity awakes; an inexplicable "I must," is the next effect.

"Have you never," asked the dreamer, "heard of the Venus-mountain? it is spoken of in old histories. Many a stately knight, nay, even the poor wandering journeyman, with his knapsack on his back, have entered this enchanted kingdom, and seldom returned. But did it ever chance that one of these returned to his friends, he was never quite himself again; he suffered from a longing, and must either away or die. Now to my mind this is a little history, which one can easily imagine was invented by some one who had wandered about a deal in the world, and was then obliged to leave all the splendours of foreign lands to embitter his life far away in his home. During the five years that I was on my wanderings, yes, I also saw the Venus-mountain; for what else but the splendour of the world is meant by it? Now I am again at home, and therefore I suffer an eternal restlessness; longing is my daily work, a love of travel my pillow, and would Marie——! but she must be willing!" And at these words his eyes sparkled, and he seized the sergeant's hand, saying, "I will be a soldier."

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEW miles from the town of Nyborg, between the village of Örebäk and Frörup, lies the well of St. Regissa, which, according to tradition, receives its name from a very God-fearing woman, who was severely persecuted by wicked men—so wicked that they even killed the children of this pious lady. On the spot where this occurred there immediately sprang forth a fountain. When the lady Regissa had been long dead, there came many pious pilgrims hither from a far distance to drink the water of this well, and, in memory of the good lady, they erected a chapel over the spring, and hung her picture within it. Every year, on the eve of the festival of St. Boël, mass was celebrated; but when Luther's doctrine was introduced the chapel was allowed to fall into decay. The spring, however, bubbles still, and is every year, at midsummer, very industriously visited, and a yearly fair held.

Doubtless it was the desire of withdrawing from the gaze of the multitude which gave rise to the custom of spending the night of St. John's

Eve at the spring. At sunset the sick people wash themselves with the spring-water, and then prepare for their couch. Next morning they again break up, the weaker ones return home, the strong remain to enjoy the pleasures of the fair.

In the village of Frörup, where the well-market is held, people were busy erecting booths and tents. On all by-roads you saw people riding and walking with their sick: some were already walking in the meadow, through which, among hazel-bushes and alders, the stream flows. High and single trees shaded them, and the people still, according to the Catholic custom, hang their offering-garlands, which consists of a few tapers, on the stems of these trees. The green hedges of this meadow serve the sick people as a kind of screen, whilst undressing and bathing; their old clothes they leave hanging on the hedges, where the poor beg them for their own use.

Marie came alone with Christian; she carried with her an old coverlet, to protect the boy from the cold at night; she had brought an old coat of her husband's, to answer the same purpose for herself.

"I will remain with thee," said she. "If I can sleep, it is well; if not, neither will it be the first time that I have watched beside thee. Yes, child, thou dost not know all I have endured on thy account. The cares and toils of a mother children only learn when they, in their turn, be-

come parents. How much anxiety did I endure whilst I bore thee beneath my heart! I have risked my life for thee. Long nights have I, carrying thee in my arms, walked up and down the floor, and listened to thy breathing; worked throughout the day, watched throughout the night: that was a lot, indeed! Every thing which I possibly could do have I done for thee, and will also do in future, my child, if thou canst only become healthy. I have only thee; thou art my only child. Let thy father travel, in God's name, if he cannot stay." She burst into a flood of tears, but soon recovered herself again, kissed her son on his eyes and mouth, and approached the spring.

Many thoughts passed through her soul. In Örebäk she had met her husband in company with the sergeant and the young peasant. She entered the farm of her first wooer, who joked with her, saying, "All this might have been thine." The strong ale, the mead, and the beautiful home-made bread were tasted, and she was informed, at first in joke, and then in earnest, of her husband's desire to enlist into the army instead of the young peasant.

"Only see," said the sergeant, "he need not travel away on that account. He only has his number in the company." And he often introduced the thousand dollars in his discourse.

"He has his own free will," answered Marie;

"I do not detain him," was her last word; but at the same time it was as if her heart would break. She would not stay, the evening-meal was sufficient for her; she said she did not require supper. Her husband and the sergeant, however, remained, and passed the night with the brother of the young soldier.

She now stood beside the spring. Here and there people had commenced bathing, others were busied in preparing a lodging for the night; the best consisted in a bedstead which had been brought from a neighbouring farm, and was placed beneath a hazel-bush; the others were either made of straw, or people had chosen their couches in a wagon. The fire blazed behind the low turf-wall, where boiled the coffee-kettle, and where some older women warmed their hands.

The whole presented one of those scenes which are vanishing more and more out of our peasant's life, and which at the same time carry us back many centuries. Could a dead man, over whose grave the psalms of monks resounded in Catholic Denmark, rise out of his grave and float over the meadow, he must have believed that every thing remained in the same state in old Denmark as at the time when he closed his eyes. The people pressed, still with the same pious superstition in their hearts, around the holy spring; the church-bells rang at sunset as formerly, when they called to Ave Maria; and even in the vil-

lage church still smiled the picture of the Mother of God, with little Jesus in her lap. The nearest country-house, old Örebäkkelunde, stood also still unchanged, with its irregular gables and the high tower — that perfect Gothic building!

Not far from the spot where Christian was bathed with the cold refreshing spring-water, stood two women with a young girl, who might be about thirteen years old. There was no bodily ailment to be remarked in the child, and she shewed no signs of any internal malady. Her countenance bore the impress of perfect health; her figure was almost entirely developed, her long hair hung down over her round white shoulders, and the red evening-sun illuminated a smiling joyous countenance. The younger of the two women was the girl's mother; she poured a cup of water over her daughter's head; the drops glittered on her back and shoulders; she divided her rich hair, and sang with a clear voice:—

"Hear Him, see Him looking down,
On His brows the thorny crown.
Sing the praise of roses!"

The elder woman — she was the sick girl's grandmother — fell upon her knees, and with folded hands prayed the Lord's Prayer.

The evening was unusually mild, but dark clouds rose over the Belt.

No circumstances of life are more likely to

cause an intimacy between people than mutual misfortune and a similarity of condition. Therefore Marie was soon in the midst of a discourse with this family. They spoke of their sick children, and of the virtue of the spring. It would heal no epilepsy," said the grandmother; but, added she immediately, "if God would assist them, He could easily make it possible. There is only one means," said she, then, "which never fails," and she named that universal remedy among the people, which the younger generation may, perhaps, believe originated in the brain of a Eugène Sue, but which, nevertheless, was practised in Denmark not so long ago. We mean the revolting remedy of conducting epileptic patients to the place of execution, in order to gain permission from the criminal to drink of his warm blood when his head should be struck off the trunk.

Marie shuddered at these words. No! that, indeed, should never happen to her boy.

The lodgings for the night were soon arranged. The young girl and her grandmother were to sleep in the cart; the small space which still remained over was offered Christian. The mother of the sick girl and Marie seated themselves on a bundle of straw, threw their dresses over their heads, and leaned against the cart.

Silence now reigned around; you heard the flowing of the spring, and the heavy breathing of

the sleepers. Christian prayed his evening prayer, as his mother had taught him, and closed his eyes to sleep; but, someway, this was not so easy. With a kind of terror he thought of the young girl with her deranged mind; his feet touched hers; she slept calmly and deeply. He looked towards heaven; high up in the deep blue, glittered innumerable stars; Charles's-wain stretched above his head. Soon he found himself in the mingled conditions of sleeping and waking. He dreamed, and yet he was aware that a dream-picture occupied him. He knew right well where he was, for he heard the splash of the spring; but when he opened his eyes all had a strange resemblance with the Jew's garden, where he had played with Naomi, only here was every thing greater. The air became clearer; he fancied he heard Naomi's voice; certainly, she called to him!—she named his name: but he did not dare to answer, for the insane girl who slept at his feet might awake. Surrounding objects now assumed a milder aspect. He recognised the stork which stood there, clapping her bill and feeding her young ones. It was Naomi who sat beside him; he gazed into her large black eyes, she showered beautiful flowers over him, and called them money. They played so splendidly with each other, and he again gave her, as at the first time, his mouth and his eyes as a pledge;

she really took them, and he felt the pain. All around him was gloomy night; but he heard her carriage roll away. Farewell! farewell! cried she to him: and the carriage vanished in the air. He rose, and although the empty sockets and bleeding lips burnt, was she his sole thought. He felt himself light as a feather, and wished to follow Naomi through the air: but that insane maiden had awoke, and held him fast; she had flung her arms round his legs, and held him fast and ever faster as Naomi's carriage rolled ever farther away. Then did he gather his last strength together to free himself, and—awoke. He had only been in a dream, which had busied his soul,—that he was quite aware of; and yet he still heard the rolling of the carriage through the sky. Something lay heavy on his feet, therefore did he raise himself. There sat she, like a glittering nymph, with bare bosom and shoulders, shrouded in her luxuriant hair. But only one moment was she visible. The phosphoric light which surrounded her vanished; it became pitch-dark night, and in the distance rolled the thunder.

"It burns within me!" said she. "It is as though my heart's blood were leaving me, and I had only fire within me. Dost thou sleep, little boy?"

Christian did not dare to answer. It was the

crazy girl who knelt upon his feet. She had partly stripped off her clothes, and stretched her naked arms towards heaven.

"Dost thou not hear how the bulls are bellowing?" again asked she. "They chase each other like glowing daggers. If they stick these knives into thy breast, thou must die; if they touch thy house, it stands in bright flames; the strongest tree they split. Didst thou not see their horns? They glance like copper and tin. Do not be afraid! Soon they will be gone, and then only the little calves follow. They have little horns, which come forth from the black clouds in zig-zag."

A bright flash of lightning, which was immediately followed by the thunder, awoke all the sleepers around. Terrified, started up the women. The old woman seized the half-naked girl, who stood in the middle of the cart. The storm-wind rushed through her locks, and raised the thin covering high into the air.

"Oh, God!" was the universal cry; and each one busied herself in covering her sick patient. Christian was laid under a horse-cloth, but the next gust of wind tore it away from him; and it would, had not Marie prevented it, have flown far away. Trees and bushes shook like thin reeds; leaves and broken branches flew about: and in the midst of the tumult of the

storm was heard the young girl singing, the women praying.

Suddenly there darted a fearful flash of lightning, whilst the thunder burst deafening above them. The very cart seemed to move, and Christian saw the whole country illuminated for one moment by the most dazzling light. Every bush, every tree, the church and the houses, in short, all objects stepped distinctly forth; and in the cart the young maiden arose, wrapped only in a thin garment. She spread out her hair with her hands, shrieked wildly, and sprang out of the cart. In the next moment the whole country lay again in black night. There reigned the silence of the grave.

"Where is Lucie?" cried at once the mother and grandmother. "My God! where is she?"

They felt about with their hands, but only struck against trees and bushes.

The rain now poured down in torrents. The two women sent forth a cry of agony, which sounded above the thunder. The grandmother felt with her hands along the ground for the lost girl; the mother flew through rain and wind, shouting the name of her unhappy daughter. Christian clung fast to his mother. It was a fearful night.

Again, a loud thunder-clap followed; then the tempest abated. The successive peals were

much weaker; and the rain now only fell in single drops. But the whole of this interval was full of the most terrible torture to the poor mother, who rushed over stock and stone in search of her child. One moment, by the brightness of the lightning, she believed she saw something white floating before her over the field: she ran on in that direction, but was soon stopped in her course by walls and ditches. She imagined, that amidst the crash of the thunder and the howling of the storm she heard the voice of her unfortunate daughter; which was, however, quite impossible, for the storm overpowered every sound, and, besides, forced her on with the wind, which then by its power carried her along like a shuttlecock, so that sometimes she seemed to fly over the earth. At length she stopped short before an enclosure, then, as if by instinct, mounted on the wall, to be the next moment by a whirlwind thrown over to the other side, into the long grass. The lightning illuminated the country for a moment, and she saw the old mansion of Örebäkkelunde, with its tower, strong pillars, and Gothic gables, lying before her. She was in the garden, where stand the old-fashioned clipped hedges and white statues. Was it one of these white statues which seemed to move itself in the lightning, or was it her daughter? Her knees trembled; full of anguish she cried,—"Lucie!" whilst the storm

whirled the young green leaves, as well as the fallen yellow ones, into the air.

Early the next morning Christian awoke from a deep sleep. His mother and the grandmother sat on the shafts, and listened eagerly to the relation of Lucie's mother. She was only just now returned; and her joy was almost as great as had been her grief. "Her daughter now slept a healthful sleep in the gardener's cottage at Örebäkkelunde," said she. There, in the garden, had she found her daughter, cowering down beside a statue, her head leaning on the pedestal. The tempest had caused people to be astir in the court. In the gardener's dwelling burnt a light, and there the terrified mother received assistance, —there was Lucie laid in bed. "Mother, I have no clothes on!" had been her only words, whilst she yet shook from the effect of a strong flash of lightning, which darted into the earth near her, and which had restored her to a kind of consciousness. Then she shed torrents of tears; but at length her eyes closed, and she now slept a refreshing sleep.

"Perhaps the good God has taken compassion upon her," said the old grandmother. "She was healthy and strong, like other people, until once after a similar tempest she returned home from the fields, where the lightning had split a tree." Whether she by this means had drawn

upon herself this misfortune, whether before the outbreak of the storm she had slept, and received a *coup-de-soleil*, or whether evil powers had been busy and shewn her things which were able to confound the understanding of a mortal, they knew not; but her brain was sick,—that was only too true. It was now the second year that she had travelled with her to the spring. God might clear her understanding, or take her rather to himself.

CHAPTER IX.

"Ah! quel plaiser d'être soldat!"
SCRIBE.

In the afternoon, every thing at the spring assumed quite another appearance. On the green plot, where in the night the sick had sighed and prayed, now danced the healthy, whilst the fiddle and the clarinet played an old *Anglaise*. From the well itself drank youths and maidens to the health of love—of that love which the blood, and not the soul, knows.

In the village there was the gay fair. Boots and earthenware, toys and puppets—every thing was exhibited for sale. Christian had also received his fairing; for in his hand he carried his old hat, and upon his head the new one, round which, with twine, was still fastened the newspaper sheet. He stood with his parents before a booth; where caps embroidered with spangles were offered cheap; beautiful Nuremberg pictures, together with the Prussian soldiers and the Turk in his Harem, were hung out. Marie said that this looked like a girls' school.

There stood a wandering Italian with his plaster-casts, such ones as the people love here in the country—green parrots and a Napoleon. The tailor commenced directly, with both mouth and fingers, to speak Italian; and Marie said to the sergeant she could hear that it was no German that her husband spoke with the cast-seller. The Italian laughed, nodded his head in a friendly manner, and talked away; yes, he at last made Christian a present of a parrot which had broken its foot.

Close by fluttered silken ribands and gay handkerchiefs, from a pole which was fastened to a table; behind which stood an acquaintance, who shouted his greeting to our family. It was old Joel, who had served Naomi's grandfather, and who had conveyed his master's consumed remains to the grave of his fathers.

"It goes well with the daughter's daughter," said he; "little Naomi suffers no want. She is dressed in rich stuffs and muslins, wears golden rings on her fingers, and diamonds on her breast. She will some time become an incomparable beauty, like Queen Esther."

"Have you been lately at the seat?" asked Marie of him.

"No, there I do not come," returned the old Israelite; "that is an agreement. I have not been there since the day on which my master became coal and ashes, when I informed them

how forlorn the poor child was. I spoke then with the young Count and the old Countess, who can be as bitter as the mixture she drinks. But, nevertheless, I remain what I am; and there are already ways for me without stepping upon her domain. Naomi is well off! Ah, her poor mother! A more beautiful woman I never saw. Now the flower is become dust, and her white teeth are a poor ornament!"

"That handkerchief would be a pretty ornament for thee," said the witty tailor, parodying the Jew's words, and pointed to a handkerchief of blue cotton with red and yellow flowers. "Take it! for now we are rich." And at the same time he clapped his pocket, in which were the 500 rix-dollars and the contract with his captain for taking the place of the young soldier.

Marie shook her head, sighed deeply, but her eyes, nevertheless, turned towards the handkerchief: the colours were so bright, the pattern so uncommon.

"If I am the first person from whom you have received money to-day," said the tailor, "it will be well with your business, for I give lucky press-money! Don't be so sad, Marie! God knows when we shall come again to the market, and whether we shall then have such beautiful sunshine, or so much money in our pockets!" He flung the pretty handkerchief round her, and she smiled through her tears, just as she afterwards

smiled when at home her husband spread the notes out on the table, saying, "See! all this, and twice as much, is thy husband worth! Now, don't cry! The salt tears will fall on the money, and then there will be neither luck nor a blessing in it. I am become a subaltern; and that is the commencement to being an officer! So near art thou to being a gracious lady!"

"In fourteen days thou wilt go to Odense to learn the exercise!" said Marie. "Only *one* month will it last, thou sayest, and then I shall have thee again! Yes, God knows thou hast no rest in thee, thou canst not do otherwise! Dost thou think I have never heard thee talking in thy sleep of foreign countries? Often in thy sleep thou hast wept like a child, and it has pained my very soul. The old calendar, in which whilst thou wast abroad thou didst write the day and the year when thou wast in certain places—this calendar, I tell thee, which thou hast so often brought forth to relate things out of to me—— Good God! this day so many years ago I was there! Then I was not sitting here on the table!—— this calendar seems to me a Cyprianus-book, from which thou dost read nothing good. Now thou canst write in it the day when thou didst leave thy wife and child. Did I not know better, I might be tempted to believe thou hadst given thy heart to some one else abroad, and that she robbed thee of thy peace. No one loves thee,

after all, as well as I do; and the lad is thine, —that can I say with a good conscience."

"Marie," answered her husband, "thou wilt not make me sad! If I have done ill, complaint will now avail nothing. Let us rather contemplate the affair from the cheerful side. This evening the sergeant and the godfather are coming here; ask the glover, and the old cooper also, to come over, and let us drink a bowl of punch as on our wedding-day!"

Never before had Christian seen such a large company assembled in the little room; there were nine of them. The godfather had brought his fiddle with him, and played all kinds of merry things, related little histories of the stammering woman, and the whirling man, and knew so naturally how to imitate all on his fiddle, that his accomplishments increased the gaiety of all the guests. They laughed and sang, and the evening passed in merriment.

The following day was all the more melancholy; but the most melancholy one was when the father must depart for Odense. Marie and Christian accompanied him as far as Quärndrup; and when the wagon drove away the two stood upon the high churchyard so as to look after the wagon as long as possible, for the father still ever waved greetings to them with his hat. But the road now made a turn; and they could see him no longer. Then Marie leaned her head

against the church-wall and wept bitterly. Then she wandered for some time silent among the graves, arranged the withered garlands, and weeded the grass from the latest grave.

"If one only rested as quietly as this one here!" said she. "How difficult is the way through life until we come so far!"

Around the church stands, on the high churchyard, a circle of old trees; on each of these had the clergyman of the place had small boards, bearing edifying mottos and inscriptions, nailed.

"These are no printing letters," said Marie, "or else I could read them. Canst thou read them, my child?" asked she of Christian.

And Christian read to her the pious words: each tree with its little tablet seemed to her to contain a mount-sermon of consolation.

"The good God in heaven can bring about all for the best," said she. "Could I only cast a glance into the *future*!"

Then she went into the village, to one of the last houses, where the oven, like a dome, stood out into the street. The horseshoe on the threshold, and the half fire-steel on the window-frame, shewed plainly that evil spirits were not very welcome here. It was the house of the wise woman.

The coffee-kettle was immediately put on the fire, and the seeress read in Marie's cup hope and despair, but yet Hope had the preponderance

— Hope, she who lines with velvet the fetters of the slave! — she, who writes mercy on the sword of the executioner! — she, whose tongue sings such sweet, false songs! Marie might hope!

From every letter which the father now sent her, fell into Marie's heart drops of the balm of consolation. The time passed away.

"Next week he will come back," said she to her friends and neighbours; "to-day there are only six days till his arrival," said she. And when the sixth day had passed, he really came. That was a joy, a surprise! But poor Christian lay in bed, the spring had not yet cured his complaint. But his father was returned, and, therefore, did Marie rejoice. But the joy was only short; it turned to sorrow, and the sorrow ended in tears. Only this night might he remain with her; only as a special favour had this furlough of eight-and-forty hours been granted him. The regiment was to break up; the march was towards Holstein, where the Danish troops were to oppose the French, whilst the allied northern army and its assistant Swedish troops threatened the frontiers.

"Be not cast down, Marie! I will do thee honour; and when we get booty, I will think of thee: we may become rich! But do not weep! It has happened thus! We will have a merry evening; I will then lie down and sleep for a few hours, and then I must away again for Odense.

I am not at all wearied from my march! It is real sorrow to see thee in tears, and poor Christian ill and suffering. Must my last evening remain so sad in my recollection?"

"No!" said Marie, "that shall not be!" and she pressed back her last tears with her dark eyelashes. The table was spread, the godfather came, and praised the soldier's life. "It was not impossible," said he, "but that he might also go with them; perhaps he should even be among them before they expected it." The poor boy lay suffering in his bed; he had just fallen asleep when his father's kiss awoke him in the early morning. Their eyes met; a hot tear fell upon Christian's lips, and the father hastened out of the door. Marie followed him. The whole day she sat speechless.

"Thou hast lost thy father!" That was all she said.

A Danish corps of auxiliaries, consisting of 15,000 men, was to unite itself with the French army under the command of Marshal Davoust. Towards Holstein and Mecklenburg was their march. The drums beat a general march, and the host commenced its route; but faster flew the birds-of-passage over them, singing that the hot summer days of the north would be followed by a long winter night.

"There fly the storks!" cried the tailor. "This time I journey with you!" continued he,

and gazed after the flight of storks until they vanished from his eyes like a swarm of gnats.

The enemy's troops lay on the Danish frontiers. The son of the Steppes, the Asiatic from the morasses of the Don, careered wildly along in his flying kaftan, with levelled lance, over the corn; the God of War—the age called him Napoleon—combated alone against the knights of all lands. There was a great tournament; it was the last chivalric game which he played, and, therefore, he fought alone. Little Denmark was his esquire—a true, enthusiastic heart; but his strength was not equal to his will.

Days and weeks passed on in uncertainty and expectation here in Denmark; several honourable battles were fought in the Mecklenburg territory. At other places in Germany the French suffered defeats, and Davoust, the marshal and prince, must retreat before Bernadotte, the former marshal and prince, the then crown-prince of Sweden and leader of the North German army. Unceasing marches to and fro, outpost skirmishes, and uncertainty regarding the destination of the morrow, belonged to the order of the day. The Danish corps of auxiliaries was commanded by Prince Frederick of Hesse, and was divided into three brigades. One was stationed in Lübeck, under the French General Lallemand; the other two returned to Oldesloe, whilst

a portion of the northern army and of the Swedish auxiliaries pursued the Danish corps.

Where was Christian's father, whom yearning after the Venus-mountain had enticed from his quiet home? Hast thou seen the columns move across the plain? Didst thou see them where the signal is death? Like an enormous crocodile they draw out their long body — a bright mingling of uniforms and bayonets! The roar of the cannon is the gigantic creature's voice, the smoke his poisonous breath. Thou dost not see the single scales which the monstrous body loses in the combat, and yet is each a human life. Only where the whole immense body is shivered is the death-blow perceptible; and, like the cut worm, the different parts struggle in convulsive flight over the field of battle.

There came for Marie a large sealed letter; closely written was it, and cost a deal of postage. The contents were the following: —

"My dear Madame,

"Do not grieve when you have learned the contents of this letter, although you may soon have reason to do so.

"We lay in Lübeck. The general wished to spare the city, and therefore marched from thence over Segeberg towards Bornhöved. Now you must know the country between these places

is an open heath. It had rained for many days. The roads were miserable, two steps forward and one backward; that made one exert one's strength. Close behind we had the Swedish cavalry upon our heels; but it came to a few skirmishes between the light-horse of both armies. But madame must not be grieved yet, for the melancholy news will certainly not come before the last page of my letter. I might just as well tell it you immediately, but such things one always learns too soon. In the afternoon we approached Bornhöved; the heath ceased, and the country was more broken up. We were thus better protected against the enemy's cavalry. Now you must observe that the Prince of Hesse had garrisoned Bornhöved, and, with the two other Danish brigades, had marched out to receive us. The Polish lancers closed our troops. In order to keep back the enemy until the brigade had passed through, the prince placed on the road, on this side the village, two cannon, and near to them a battalion of sharpshooters. Among these was your husband, my friend, for my letter concerns him, as you may easily guess. But do not terrify yourself. To-day me, to-morrow thee! Opposite to us marched the Swedish cavalry. Our battalions stood in divided columns on either side the way: one half were to form *quarré;* but the enemy's cavalry

had already galloped past, and were attacking Bornhöved. The other half stood precisely opposite us. There arose disorder among our ranks; and, had the enemy availed themselves of this, it would have been over with us: but the enemy did not. Dear madame, this will be a long letter; but you must know all the particulars; and, therefore, I copy the greater part of my report from the general report, so that you may be able to rightly understand the circumstances. We again formed a battalion; but a portion of the enemy's cavalry had, as I have already told you, galloped on to Bornhöved; the Polish lancers, who closed the brigade, lost their resolution, and pressed upon the Holstein cavalry; and then again upon the troops posted behind them. The artillery at the head blocked up the road completely, and now arose terrible confusion. More than a hundred men were trampled down and massacred. The press prevented any fighting. The enemy was pressed against each other, man against man. Meanwhile the Danish infantry fired as well as it could; the Swedes were obliged to give way, and, in retreating, pass along the road where were posted our battalions. They scoured along the ramparts, clinging to their horses' necks; but more than two hundred of them were shot down as they galloped through the defile. The two cannon and their escort

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defended themselves courageously, and, to the last man, continued to employ their cartridges and arms; but only one lost his life,—the lieutenant. And thus, madame, you are become a widow.

"This is my melancholy letter.

"Yours, in obedience and friendship,

"JORDSACH,

"Commanding Sergeant."

CHAPTER X.

"Es muss ja sein!
Ich blicke starr und fest vom Rabenstein
In's Nichts hinein."—Chamisso.

Dead! a world of sorrow lies in this one word. It is a two-edged sword, which, at the same time that it murders the beloved of our heart, penetrates so deeply into the bosom that every thing around us becomes dark, even though the sun shine upon millions of happy beings. A single word, short as the other, is able to drop consolation into the sick heart and vouchsafe assistance; it is—God!

"Yes, I was prepared for it!" said Marie.

But she was not prepared for this dreadful news. The dark, stormy change of autumn into winter made the mourner yet more desponding. The sky was grey, and rain and sleet fell in the dirty streets; it was gloomy without, and gloomy within.

"Do not weep," said Christian, "or else thou

also wilt die and leave me. Thou canst wash and iron, and I can play the fiddle and earn money by it. Thou shalt not be sad, mother."

"Thou angel of God," answered Marie, "let me kiss thee! Yes, for thee, on thy account, will I live: what would else become of thee?"

Never had the festival of Christmas drawn near amidst such gloomy prospects.

"The farmer in Örebäk is an honest fellow. He has sent me butter, and bread, and a goose for Christmas. Does he then really think of me? Yet, no; I will never again take that step. I will invite the godfather for Christmas eve, although I can't endure him. I will, however, do it on thy account; perhaps he will think of thee when thou art grown bigger."

The table stood ready prepared; Christian's heart was full of joy for the Christmas feast. Marie brought her hymn-book.

"I could sing," said she to the godfather; "you must keep the time."

"I can sing no psalms," replied the godfather. "If we must use the hymn-book, let us try our fortune in it. There is something in it. What is destined for us is written in the Great Book, as well as in our blood and in our soul."

Marie opened the book.

"Marriage hymns!" said she; "that was really quite wrong. I shall never change my condition. Would that I were only so fortunate

as to see Christian strong and well, so that he could get through the world!"

"That he will do, thanks to his good star!" remarked the godfather. "We can certainly do something, but that is the *least*. Does it lie in him that he shall be a thief, or have an inclination for the girls, this instinct will not be repressed; he may be brought up among the most honest people, they may instil the best principles into him, yet, if this evil is in him, it will break forth. We may certainly keep it back somewhat, but, when he has attained some years, it will break forth all the more strongly. The wild beast is in all men; in one it is a ravening wolf, in another a crawling serpent, which knows how to glide on its belly and lick dust. This beast is born within us; the only thing is whether we or this wild beast possess the most power, and the power no one possesses of himself."

"God protect us from the power of the evil one!" said Marie, and looked upon the ground.

It seemed to her that the spirit whom she feared sat with her at table. What she heard appeared to her like the form of the water-fairy; at first, truth in its perfect brightness, then hollow emptiness, as a token of the world to which it belonged.

"I have read many writings," pursued the godfather, "have read of foreign nations. There are many nations on the earth. What we call

sin, others consider right. The savage devours his enemy, and his priest says to him, 'Man, thou wilt sit high in heaven.' The Turk has many wives, and his bible promises him yet more in Paradise. A general wins fame and orders by the very same injustice, employed in a royal war, that would bring another man equally crafty to the scaffold. All depends upon custom and use, and who can assure us that we act the best when we are acting as the majority do? Who knows whether the beast within us has not a greater right than the man who follows his school rules?"

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marie; "but it is not well to think of such things." With terror she laid aside the hymn-book, spread out the supper, and commenced another discourse. "If my little Christian could only be well again! I know a remedy; many people have counselled me to try it, but it is too frightful: I mean, letting him drink warm blood."

"Be silent!" cried the godfather; "I am so constituted that I cannot bear to see a fowl's neck cut off. I know an innocent means; it is a sympathetic remedy, as people are accustomed to say, which must be tried precisely upon such a holy evening as this: I speak some mysterious words, and the lad drinks ice-cold water out of the hollow of my hand."

"Lord Jesus!" broke forth Marie, at the

same time pushing back her chair. "Have you been in the wars? have you slain a man?"

A tawny yellow overspread the Norwegian's countenance. "What do you say?" asked he, with a squinting glance.

"Ah, dear God! I say nothing," answered Marie. "There are certainly many remedies which God or some one else can give us. But you said something then which reminded me of the sailor. He was a Swede, who lay against the bridge last summer. I spoke with him about Christian's illness, and asked him what he thought might be done for it. I asked him whether one should not beg a pot and collect the blood of a malefactor at the place of execution, and then give it the boy to drink? He told me that in Schonen they had the same belief, but, if the child were to be cured, it would suffice for him to drink cold water from the hand of any man who had shed human blood, for that was equally effective. I should therefore only take Christian to a soldier who had been in the wars, or to the executioner. These words, and what you have just said ——"

"Agree," said the godfather. "Yes, that is not false! Yes, but what should you think if I were to give you a handful of flower-seeds, and you were to let the seeds lie until they were all dried up and had lost all their virtue, would not that be as much as if you had destroyed a whole plot of flowers? There is in Norway the story of

a girl who had a horror of becoming a mother, and therefore, the evening before her marriage, went to the water-mill where the witch dwelt, to ask for some remedy which should prevent this. The witch gave her twelve seeds, which she was to fling into the mill-pool. This she did without thinking any thing more about it; but at each seed which she flung into the water there was heard a slight sigh: it was a child's heart which broke each time. She became a wife, but remained childless; in old age remorse seized her. Her hand was unstained with blood, and yet she was a murderess, and endured agony of mind as an infanticide. One night as she went into the church to pray for the removal of her guilt she saw her twelve unborn sons standing before the altar, and their whole race, all their descendants, the number of which was so immense that they filled all the aisles of the church. And she knelt down and prayed; she, the murderess of a whole race!* And you, Marie,

* The conclusion of the legend is as follows: The clergyman broke forth in anger against the woman's sin. "I will not grant thee absolution, and God the Lord will be equally unforgiving. Sooner shall roses spring up out of the flag-stones than I forgive thee!" The night that she had this vision in the church, the clergyman dreamed the same thing as the old woman, and when he awoke the flag-stones had split, and twelve odorous roses grew out of the apertures; these were the twelve sons of the childless wife. "Now is our mother happy!" said the clergyman, and sought for her in the church, where she lay dead before the altar.—*Author's Note.*

do you understand the meaning of this history? Thus is many a mother the murderess of a whole human race. Such a murderer am I! such a murderer shall I be! for I cherish within me a horror of becoming the husband of any woman. Therefore let the boy drink out of my hand, for, if no blood is to be found upon it, blood in reality cleaves to it!" He held his breath, otherwise a low sigh which rose from his breast would have become loud.

"Certainly you are ill," said Marie, gazing at him anxiously.

"Never more will I invite thy godfather," said she to her little son, when the Norwegian had left them; "I felt just as though an evil spirit had been with me in the room. Fold thy hands, Christian, and pray thy evening-prayer. I will teach thee some more prayers, which I still remember, when we are alone at work together."

The new year had many ice-cold, gloomy days; often the windows were obliged to be thawed by means of the foot-stove.

"Now the high-roads are like a floor; the frost has done good," said the farmer from Örebäk, as he one day visited Marie. "You must amuse yourself a little! Pay me a visit, and bring your boy with you. I will expect you by the carrier's cart."

"I would willingly grant Christian the pleasure," said she. On his account it would be,

should she ever commit the folly of marrying again. And yet, the grass of the new year had scarcely begun to spring before she already wavered between the *yes* and the *no*.

"On thy account it shall be, my dear son!" said she. Christian wept; the new father was not at all friendly and merry. He scolded at his playing on the violin, and called it wearisome fiddling.

"Marie, thou knowest that my thoughts have ever turned towards thee! However, thou didst take another, and I did the same. Now are we both free again: I must have a wife for my housekeeping, and a mother for my lad. True; there sits the bird-catcher's Anne,—that is a pretty girl. She has two children; for each she receives ten dollars for ten years. That is really a capital which might make one wish for her! Thou hast no fortune; and thou hast the lad also! But I like thee; and if thou art as agreeable as I am, the pastor shall publish our bans next Sunday from the pulpit."

Marie gave him her hand.

"On thy account it happens, my child!" repeated she; and the green meadows, the farm, and the cattle, danced before her soul—before her soul, which had remained a whole year faithful in memory to a husband who valued foreign countries more than wife, child, or home.

The more violently thy tears flow, the sooner

will the spring of tears be exhausted. The widow's hood becomes the bridal veil; therefore the garland smiles on the bride's brow as well as upon the cold forehead of the dead. Yes, even in the coffin it smiles, and tells the dead, with its gay colours, how soon the mourning over him and he himself will be forgotten—forgotten like the history which is read with tears. This the laughing flowers relate to the dead corpse, until they themselves fade and fall to dust; and then the skeleton grins over the talkative flowers, because they are now become silent.

"So, then, there is an end to our playing!" said the godfather. "I thought it would be otherwise; but what can man think? Now, thou shalt put thy hand to the plough, but no longer to the fiddle. Thou shalt wander a new way, or a by-way: one does not know which, beforehand. The old fiddle I have given thee; and the little music-book, with the dances, thou mayest keep. 'Reinecke Fuchs,' the beautiful book with the pictures, which thou lovest so much, thou must also take with thee. Only keep it! I think much of thee, and thou of me; is not that true? Do not cry, thou little soul! Kiss me! Yes, once again. Lay thy arm round my neck. Dost thou think thou canst always remember this which I now say to thee? Be gay and wild in thy youth, so that thou mayest become satisfied when thou growest older. The sins of youth men

pardon; the man, however, they judge more severely. Seize on the joys of life whilst thou canst, so that when thou art an old man thou mayest not weep because thou hast no sins; for they belong to life, as salt does to meat. Better is it to have enjoyed life too much, than later to sigh because one has not enjoyed it as one could. Write that in thy wandering-book! God, or the devil, in whosever regiment thou mayest enter thyself, be a good master to thee!"

He gave Christian the violin and the books.

That was his last visit in the Hollow Lane.

CHAPTER XI.

"Vorbei
Sind diese Traüme."— *Don Carlos.*

The day before the wedding is a real torture for the peasant bride: she must be dressed—that is for the first, and, perhaps, for the last time in her life, appears with uncovered hair. Her hair is washed with ley, by which means it becomes stiff and rough, and is, therefore, all the more difficult to arrange. The bride usually faints during the operation. But this did not happen to Marie. "Her hair was like silk!" said one of the attendants, with whom we will witness the procession to the church. That she, as a widow, wished to be adorned with her beautiful hair, and not with her cap, was an evidence of pride, said certain people. All the connexions of the bridegroom had much to say against this union; for Marie brought nothing into the house but a tall lad.

The triumphal arch was erected on the road to the church, the gateways which the bridal pair had

to pass through were adorned with green boughs; and the brideman galloped backwards and forwards before the bridal pair. First came the bride, with her bride-maidens, who held their bouquets out of the wagon like marshals' staves; bells and little mirrors glittered among the flowers; no one had ever seen more splendid ones. Trumpets and clarinets resounded into the very church, and overpowered the organ. The bridemaidens took much honour to themselves,—so beautifully they had decorated the church! Every where hung green garlands, and "what glitters," as the peasant says. The king on horseback, in a paltry print; a gay recipe with the mixture-phial, on which might still be read, "Juniper-drops for six shillings;" an old red silk muff, and many other valuable things, were suspended among the wreaths and green branches. Every peasant's wedding in Denmark, if intended to be particularly splendid, shews us this childish love of ornaments.

Among the female guests who sat in the foremost seats we recognise two; the mother and grandmother of the crazy girl, whom we saw at the spring. Lucie was also come with them. In her blue speaking eyes you no longer saw any thing wild; pious and still sat she, near the other female wedding-guests. Like the storm of that night had the struggle of her soul laid itself to rest. Christian, who had his place among the

men, immediately knew her again; she, on the contrary, looked at him with the glance of a stranger, and with a clear voice sang the holy song of praise.

Now stepped the bridal pair before the altar. The attendants placed themselves in the choir. The two women spoke in a low voice to each other.

"Give heed to the bride and bridegroom! The one who makes the first movement will die the first."

"Ah, that she has done!"

"But that does not agree with the other," said the younger woman. "I have more faith in that!—that never comes wrong. One can tell by the names of the bridal pair who will die first. One counts the letters of the two names together, and then says: Adam dies! Eve dies! which is as much as saying, He dies! She dies! and where one ends there is death. But that also comes to her! She is called Marie, and that has five letters when it is not written with two *r*'s; and he is called Peter, and that has also five letters, and that makes ten together, which is an equal number; and when there is an equal number, Eve dies."

"Yes, but he is called Peer, and not Peter!" said the young woman.

"But how was he christened?" asked the other. "If he is called Peer, he will die first;

but if he is called Peter, she will die before him, and that agrees with the movement she made."

They were here interrupted. There arose a little dispute in their neighbourhood, which, quietly as it terminated, nevertheless interrupted their devotion. The bridegroom's son, Niels, a boy of twelve years old, with a flat, malicious countenance, pushed his half-brother, Christian, somewhat roughly aside, so as to press himself forward—an action which Christian resented by a somewhat indignant motion. The women signified to them by signs that they must be quiet; and Christian cast down his eyes, and gazed in an embarrassed manner upon his white stockings. But Niels, at the same moment, set his dirty shoe upon Christian's snow-white stocking, so that tears came into the poor lad's eyes. Lucie cast a reproachful look on Niels.

The marriage was concluded. Like the trumpets of the Last Day resounded the trumpets at the church-door. The bridegroom now drove away in all haste, so as to receive his wife in the bridal house. The musicians stood on the threshold. The new-married pair had already arrived, and each guest laid upon the pewter plate, which stood before the pair, his bridal present, when it was also not forgotten to distribute tickets; for the peasant makes a similar gift when the donor, or any member of his family, afterwards celebrates a marriage. The

meal was served, and devoured; the song sang; and the stewards danced the bride into the bridegroom's arms.

Lucie, who was something older than Christian, devoted herself alone to him. They danced and walked together. She was called the schoolmaster's pretty daughter.

During the after-festivities they two sat in the garden, where the bouquet-pinks bloomed, and she told him about her great-uncle Peter Vieck, whom she was wont to call her mother's brother, and who had that beautiful vessel called Lucie, like herself, which sailed to Germany and Copenhagen. Oh, this mother's brother was so good, and full of fun! Once every summer, when his vessel lay off Svendborg, he visited her. He had made her a present of the "Gentle Helene," which, as the title ran, was "amusing," and yet at the same time "sorrowful" to read. Christian then brought his book of "Reinecke Fuchs," which his godfather had given him, and they looked at the numerous woodcuts. Lucie read what was written over them, and she could very well understand how the fox made sport of the bear and the other beasts.

Whilst they were sitting thus comfortably together, Niels came. He glided quietly behind them, and suddenly, with his foot, kicked the book out of their hands, so that it flew far amidst the gooseberry bushes. Christian began to cry;

but Lucie scolded, and said that Niels was like the fox in the book, a wicked beast.

The lad stared at her with his unmeaning eyes. "Crazy Lucie!" was his only reply.

At this the girl's rosy cheeks grew pale, the boy had caused her bitter pain by these words; he had touched upon the unhappy derangement of her mind from which she had formerly suffered, but of which she was now cured. She looked at him with an expression of sorrow and then returned to the bridal house, where all was merriment and perfect joy.

On the third day of festivity, one saw Christian and Lucie dancing together; Niels stood with them in the chain. The sun does not set upon the anger of children. The stewards now dismissed the company with the customary chorus of, "Here is, to-morrow, an end of joy."

For Christian there lay in these words a prophetic truth. During the first few weeks, it is true, the new home, the garden, and the fields, afforded him some change and pleasure, but in the home it was not as comfortable as in Svendborg. His stepfather did not like to hear the fiddle, on which account Marie hung it up high above the door, where it was not so easy to get it down. Niels looked down upon the town boy, who was afraid of the cattle, mistook a cow for an ox, and scarcely dared to ride the quiet mare to water. Scornfully he related all this to his

father and the men, and their laughter wounded poor Christian. The only point on which the boys were at all unanimous was their love for the picture-book. The animals interested Niels, but he considered it a great mistake that they were only black and white. It was, therefore, out of no spite, but rather a well-intentioned thought of his, which prompted him, when Christian was away, to take the book, and, in the conviction that he was doing something very admirable, paint all the woodcuts with the brightest yellow and red colours. He was also considered by his father and the men as a good hand at drawing. Upon all the doors and gates were his figures of men and animals; but what gave his father a relish for these sketches was the coarse spirit, the vulgarity, which lay in them all. He gave, by a few strokes and additions, the same character to the woodcuts; he then laughed, quite self-satisfied at his inventive talent.

"Wilt thou look?" said he to Christian, when he entered; "one can now laugh properly!"

"Thou hast spoilt me the whole book!" said Christian; and his vexation and his anger about it were so violent that he broke forth into a passion, which was not natural to his character. He threw himself upon Niels, but Niels in a second flung him to the ground.

"You shall both be beaten!" said Marie. "I will do nothing to Niels, but thou art my

own lad; thee I have a right to flog!" And now he must suffer chastisement for both.

The father also found that now the book was much prettier, and the vulgar improvements of the pictures called forth the joyful exclamation of—"The lad's devilish clever!"

Abandoned to himself and his own thoughts, Christian wandered solitarily about; from day to day he became more quiet and introverted. Sometimes he was still the object of his mother's entire love, especially if any thing went contrary to her wishes, and if the relations of her husband spoke ill of her because she had brought nothing into the house. At such times the fiddle might make its appearance; he then played from the notes in his little book, which was a real treasure to him, which he would not have given away for any thing in the world. And yet he must soon lose even this treasure.

One day there flew a splendid kite over the house. Niels had made it of old newspapers and the music-book, which was of no value in his eyes. The kite rose high into the air, the boys could no longer hold it, its speed increased, and it flew away into the deep peat-bog.

The winter came and went. It was once more summer, and Christian must now do something to earn his bread. In the meadow, where the stream flowed on among the alders, must he and Niels alternately tend the geese: but he

liked to be in this solitude. There, where the stream formed a small lake, would he sit on the trunk of an alder-tree, in the shade of the hazels, which mirrored themselves in the clear water, sunk in dreams and gazing at the picture of the flying clouds in the clear fountain. There below swam the clouds; there below flew the bird with outspread wings, just as deep below as he flew high above the watery mirror. The trees stood on their heads and turned their roots up into the air; his own figure seemed equally turned topsy-turvy; and he now formed a complete idea of how it must be on the other side of the world. The bubbles which rose up here and there he called his water shooting-stars. The smooth expanse was to him an ocean; the large water-insects which traversed it, corsairs. What voyages they did make! In comparison with them the grass and water-plants appeared gigantic like the trees of tropical lands. The duckmeat formed green, floating islands; and if a frog suddenly appeared swimming over the water, he thought of some monster such as he had heard of in the "Arabian Nights." There where he sat the water flowed beneath the old tree-stems, the roots of which were partly laid bare. In these openings it seemed to him quite mysterious; no fishermen can form more terrible ideas, whilst sailing past the caves of Capris, than did Chris-

tian at the sight of these black holes between the tree-roots and the turf, which hung over the water without touching it. If he struck his stick in the water, he put the whole ocean in movement; he saw the ocean's long waves, its ebb and flood, which overflowed and extended the caves in the coast. What he had learned from the relations of his father and godfather, he thought other peasant-boys must also know; and what he saw in the water and the green plants, they must also be able to see: therefore he spoke to them of these things as if they really existed. But the others understood nothing of all this; they listened to him with admiration and curiosity; they did not exactly know whether he were wiser than they or quite crazy.

"Yes, he is out of his senses!" cried Niels. These words were the signals to them to view these things in quite another light. They all fell upon Christian. One fastened a willow-branch behind to his neck-handkerchief, others threw at him with burs, and Niels whistled and cried, "Hurrah! here is crazy Christian!"

Despair seized him; and, like a frightened roe, he flew in wild career over the field. All the boys, screaming, followed behind, and threw at him with their caps and wooden shoes. He reached the garden and crept quickly over the wall, followed by the wicked boys. He cried out

aloud: Marie stood in the garden; he flew to her. Niels and the other boys stood already on the garden-wall.

"What is up now?" said Marie. "Canst thou not play in peace with them? Wilt thou be quiet directly?"

She went in. His companions laughed at him, and he must swallow their scorn.

One day he again sat alone in the field, and out of all kinds of leaves and flowers formed the figures of men, which he then reared up against the tree-stem, and amused himself with his gay company.

Whilst he was thus absorbed in his play, the wise woman from Quärndrup—she, his seeress and female physician—came to seek herbs and roots, and looked at his dolls.

"Ah! what hast thou made there?" said she to him. "Those are human forms! But thou hast not been able to give them a soul. What wilt thou say in thy justification at the day of judgment, when they accuse thee of merely having given them a body?" She shook her head and left him; but her words, "they will demand a soul from thee," had sunk deep into his imagination.

The longer he looked at his dolls the more uneasy he became; to tear them in two, he did not dare. He broke loose a piece of turf, made a hole in the earth, laid his dolls in it, and

covered them over with the turf. Now they were buried; but he dreamed the whole night of them, and it seemed that the little flower-men stepped before his bed, hopped up unto him, and said, "Thou must give us a soul!" His dream seemed to him a real event, but he did not dare to speak of it. The next day he again went to the place where he had buried his dolls, and raised the sod. The flowers were now all faded, and had shrunk together. He took them up, spread them out, and then laid them, as well as he could, on a wild cabbage-leaf. He carried them down to the brook, prayed the Lord's Prayer at the bier of his creations, and placed the leaf in the water, where the green death-ship flowed on with them. Now the forms could not again return and terrify him!

CHAPTER XII.

Alrik.—" Du är här! hvad glädje!
Emund.— Nämn mig ett Haf,
Nog stort att twätta of den skuld, mig trycker."
NICANDER, *Runeswärdet.*

OFTEN does a noble and gifted soul become an object for scorn and neglect, because its peculiarity and preponderating excellence is unacknowledged by surrounding persons. The ass treads down the most beautiful flower, man the most faithful brother's heart.

Thou who dost glance thy eye over these pages, hast thou ever felt thyself thoroughly forlorn? Dost thou know what it is to call no friend thy own? to know no heart upon which thou canst lean? to have no friend, no brother, to stand solitary in the midst of a whole nation? If so, thou knowest the germ which shot forth in Christian's heart, knowest how the bitter odour makes older and ripens the understanding, whilst it bloodily engraves the runic character of its wisdom in our hearts.

In the violin dwelt the only consolation of his childish imagination; but the violin made

him a dreamer, said the stepfather, and therefore it was sold for a few shillings to a Jewish pedlar.

"Now we are freed of this annoyance!" said Marie.

Silently the boy stole up to the loft, laid himself down among the hay, and wept until sleep gave him her consoling kiss; and he dreamed of former days when his father related of splendid countries abroad, and the godfather said the fiddle should be a rose in his hand and make his fortune.

The reality was a denial of this and all successive dreams. The autumn approached; it became uncomfortable in the open air as well as in the house.

"It is wretched with the lad!" said Marie. "That he inherits from his father; but no one shall say that I coddle him."

And to act the good stepmother, she was unfriendly towards her own child.

"Is it not horrible!" said the husband one day on his return from Svendborg. "The Norwegian in Hollow Lane, the same who used to visit thy first husband, is in prison. He has confessed to a horrible crime. Many years ago, he, in Norway, killed a girl; and in Svendborg he sent into the other world the Jew's daughter, Sara, the mother of little Naomi, who has risen to such honour."

"God have mercy!" exclaimed Marie.

"Yes, there he sits, confined by wood and iron! It is quite singular how all this came out. He fell dangerously sick. The doctor said he would die; and he believed so also himself, and wished to ease his conscience by confessing his sins. But, from that moment, a remarkable change took place in him; his health returned again, and he removed from the sick-bed to the prison. Pardoned he will not be. It is as good as two murders which he has committed; and he was a smuggler also: that was the reason he so often went to Thorseng."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marie. "One could see that an evil spirit dwelt within him. I still shudder at his words of last Christmas-eve. His fiddle sounded like Cain's voice. It was fearful to hear it." She could not forget the news, she trembled all over.

The evening-table was spread. Niels came; Christian was not to be found. The meal waited; he was sought for, but he was not to be found. It was already after ten o'clock.

"He will come when he feels hunger!" said the father.

"I am his mother!" answered Marie. "I know best how near he is to my heart. I must find him, but I will teach him to leave off such tricks!"

He was not found.

Soon after mid-day he had been sitting at his favourite place beside the spring. The falling leaves whirled over the meadow, the sunbeams were weak and cold. Therefore he was surprised when he saw a stork, a straggler, standing close beside him. Perhaps this had been a prisoner when his people had departed, had afterwards escaped, and now was a solitary pilgrim through the steppes of heaven towards the far south.

He hopped around Christian, did not seem to be at all fearful, and looked at the boy with his sage eyes. Then thought the boy of the pair of storks which had built their nest on the Jew's house; this seemed to him to be the father-stork, and all the beloved memories of his youth pressed upon him. He recollected so perfectly every thing his father had related of the strange birds; he went nearer, but the stork flew a few steps further. "If one could only sit under the stork's wings and fly into foreign lands!" had his father so often said; and yet never before had this yearning arisen so violently in the little one's breast as at this moment. "Could I only go to Svendborg to my godfather!" thought he, and wandered dreaming farther over fields and meadows. Then arose the stork in a proud flight, and winged his way over the wood, and Christian walked with a joyful and light heart—the first

time for many a long day—on the high-road which led to Svendborg.

Only when darkness came on and he felt hunger did his thoughts return to home; and he was terrified at being so far from home and at having left the geese. It would be very late before he again reached his parents' home, and what, indeed, would they say to him? He was silent; "the stork was to blame for all," said he, and began to weep: for they would beat him did he return home! "Thou, good Jesus, be my friend!" prayed he with a pious mind, and wandered farther.

It became ever darker and darker; at length he could no longer see his hand before his eyes. Then crept he to the wall, laid his head against a willow-tree, prayed the Lord's Prayer, and gave himself up to fate.

It could scarcely be more than nine o'clock; and whilst he sat there it seemed to him as though there shone a light in the distance between the trees; he heard music—pleasantly fell the tones upon his ear; he listened with a devotion, as a glorified spirit will listen to the harmonies of heaven. Now the tones seemed to come from the tree-top, now from the clouds. Was it perhaps true which the legend tells, that swans sing, but from such a high distance that man upon the earth cannot hear them? But here a human ear received the tones! The clouds shone

brighter; all became clear. He glanced towards the increasing light, and now saw the moon, which with her pale light called forth bushes and single trees from the darkness.

He found himself near the mansion of Glorup; and sat upon the enclosure of the old-fashioned garden. From the mansion resounded the music which he had heard; from thence streamed the lights over to him. Irresistibly was he attracted by his discovery; he let himself slide down, and now stood in the garden.

Large trees with thickly-grown-together boughs formed an avenue; a female figure of white marble stood chained to a rock. What he had heard in the "Arabian Nights" of enchanted gardens and castles seemed here to be realised. Perhaps here should he receive assistance and fortune. He said his evening-prayers, and then, full of confidence, approached the statue of Andromeda. That was certainly a beautiful princess who had been turned to stone. He touched her foot, it was cold as ice. She gazed down upon him with a melancholy glance.

In the long avenue it was still deep night; but on either side the illumination stood out sharply. At regular distances stood here stone pillars with large balls. These seemed to him dwarfs which guarded the way. A similar avenue stretched itself in the opposite direction, and between the two lay a lake with precipitate shores, and in it

an island. From the principal building streamed lights in gay brightness through the silken curtains, and from thence sounded the enchanting melody. Was it, then, as if there were no end to the avenue? In it lay also enchantment, doubtless!

At length he stood before the entrance, and in the moonlight saw the colossal eagles which bear the escutcheon of the noble family, and they seemed to him rocs of the "Arabian Tales;" he feared lest they should raise their huge wings, and fly down and peck his eyes out: but they did not move. Then he became more courageous, ascended the steps, saw the mighty stars of light, which, as of glittering glass, hung down from the ceiling; the beautiful women, light as soap-bubbles, float over the floor, and grandly dressed gentlemen. He did not venture to enter the enchanted castle; only the soft tones might he drink in, and these were a life-balm to his pining heart.

Upon the steps lay a woollen rug for the dogs of this noble family, so that they might not lie upon the cold stones; he wrapped himself up in it, his head sunk, and he fell asleep. The wind strewed yellow leaves over the sleeper; sleep had chained him to the earth of which he was a part. His lips moved slowly in his dream. Child of poverty upon the cold steps, in the dark night art thou more than that masterpiece of marble? An immortal soul lies in thy breast!

The music ceased, the lights were extinguished, it was quiet in the whole large house, but quicker streamed the tones and the brightness of the lights in the soul of the sleeper. He found himself in the splendid hall, which was filled with awful beauty. The walls were summer-clouds, the portal a bright glittering rainbow, and the eagles had received life,—they shook their black plumage until stars fell from their huge pinions. The music resounded and the dancers floated like feathers in the air. When he looked forth from the portal into the garden he saw the beautiful blue mountains of which his father had related, and from these descended, hand-in-hand, Naomi and Lucie; they approached the castle, he beckoned to them, they were quite close to him—then he awoke. The moon shone directly into his face, so that for a moment he imagined he still saw the splendour of the beautiful saloon.

The wind blew chill; a death-like silence reigned around; it was clear to him in what a forlorn condition he found himself. He stood up, and walked a few paces; the large, dead building, the long, stiff avenues, with their white monuments, had something dreary in them: Christian's teeth chattered with cold. To seek protection from the cold wind, he entered the little wood. There was an excavation, a kind of sand-pit; he descended into it. Suddenly there arose a human figure in a huge outline.

"Who is there? what dost thou want?" demanded a sharp voice.

"Oh, Lord Jesus!" cried Christian, and fell upon his knees.

"Art thou a child?" asked the form.

Christian related who he was, how forlorn he was, and at the same moment a pair of arms embraced him.

"Dost thou not know me?" said the voice. "Dost thou no longer know thy godfather? Speak low—quite low, I tell thee."

And Christian became joyful, pressed himself to his godfather, and kissed him on the cheek.

"What a beard thou hast!" remarked Christian.

"But for all that I am not the wolf that devoured the old grandmother and the little girl," answered the man.

"Oh, yes! thou didst tell me that story once before. It is long since I have heard any stories. They have taken my fiddle away and sold it, and Niels has made a kite out of the music-book. But that is all one, if I may only remain with thee."

The godfather put his arms round his neck and caressed him after his manner; and it was quite in the ordinary course of things that they met here, for the godfather was on a journey. The moon now rose so high, that she shone upon the little group. The godfather was pale and yellow in his countenance; his beard and hair

were in disorder. Christian sat upon his knee and listened to a history, but not in the remotest degree did he imagine that this was his godfather's own history :—

" Now there was once born a hero of virtue—thou wilt soon hear what a strange sort of animal it was. Whilst he still lay in the cradle he was white and red like roses and lilies, had innocent eyes, and was called an Angel of God. He should be brought up in innocence; but in the night came the Devil, and made him drink the milk of his black goat. Then wild desires inflamed his blood, but no one remarked this until he had assumed all the manners of a virtue-hero. And the child grew into a boy, who could blush at a merry word. He read industriously in the Bible, but it always happened that he opened at the place where the beautiful woman in Solomon's Song is described—the most beautiful of Solomon's wives; or he found Susanna in the bath; or David with Bathsheba. No one knew his thoughts, for his words were pure as the snow which as yet no foot has trodden. Of this was the virtue-hero proud, and would like to have seen himself carried about in a cage, so that all the world might admire such a wonderful animal. Thou knowest that out of old mead may a basilisk be created, but the Devil's milk is a yet more powerful drink; it made of him a wild beast, which would wind itself about and cringe:

and even so did the virtue-hero. They were two cocks which swelled with pride. Once he went out into a wood, and he met a maiden, beautiful and pure. Her beauty spurred on the powers of the monster, and the virtue-hero became a wild beast in the arms of the maiden. She cried for help, but that was only an artifice of the Devil; and the virtue-hero seized her throat, so that the voice died away and she became black and blue. Then he flung her down into the abyss. But from out the beautiful form which he had embraced arose serpents and lizards, which hissed around him, crept on bushes and trees, and cried to him from all around: 'Thou art a sinful man, like the rest!' And the dark pines nodded their heads and said: 'Thou art a murderer!' Then fled the virtue-hero to foreign lands, where the trees would know nothing and be silent. But winged lizards followed him; they called and sang again from out the bushes, and lamented like the cricket behind the stove: but he seized his fiddle and mimicked them. They then fell asleep. His blood became hotter. The neighbour's daughter —— But thou hearest nothing of what I tell thee, boy!" said he, continuing to mutter to himself, in an unintelligible manner, "He sleeps! If one could thus slumber into eternity! To sleep without dreaming, what a benefit must that be!"

His hand glided over the boy's countenance;

his fingers touched his throat. "Now rides death over the threads of thy life! Thy soul is pure and innocent, and if there be a state of happiness thou hast a clear title to it, if I involuntarily send thee out of this life. Ah, how little is required to send a soul out of the world! But I will not! May they all suffer and be tormented, as I have suffered and been tormented! Men shall exercise their sharp tongues on thy tender heart, until it shall be covered with a hard skin; their eyes shall so long gaze at thee, until thy thoughts shall turn to poison. Man is a wicked animal; even the best have moments when poison drops from their tongues. And art thou his slave? Thou must be silent, and, with thy heart full of hate, kiss his hand."

In the early morning awoke Christian; his eyes sought his godfather, but he saw him nowhere. He cast a glance upwards, and above him swung, among the branches of the tree, a—corpse! Mouth and eyes were open, the black hair fluttered in wild disorder around the pale, swollen countenance. Christian uttered a cry of anguish; it was indeed his godfather whom he saw hanging there! One moment's terror chained him to the spot; then he ran, flying over walls and ditches, out of the garden, and reached the high-road. Behind him lay, like an evil dream, the wood with the form of terror swinging in it!

CHAPTER XIII.

" Boer jeg paa det vilde Hav—
Hoor Forklädet er en Gjös,
Särke-Seil og kun Fiskene Fiske,
Der min Skjemt ta'er Burer ei paa,
Som den er, jeg lader den gaae,
Der jeg koger ingen Ord,
Kammeraterne sluge dem raae."

BAGGESEN.

" Hurra for de begedé Drenge!"

CAPRICIOSA.

AT some distance Christian saw a woman and a young girl walking on the road; he approached them, and they called him by his name. They were Lucie and her mother, who in the early morning had set out to visit the mother's brother, Peter Vieck, who with his yacht lay at Svendborg.

Christian in a confused manner told of the godfather in the wood, and owing to the horrors of a suicide, peculiar to the lower class, or perhaps to the possibility of getting involved in the investigations of the police, Lucie's mother walked all the faster, without, however, interrupting the discourse.

"But, Almighty God! were you then both together there all night?" asked she.

"I met him there," answered Christian; and then confessed that it was without the knowledge of his parents that he had left the house.

"God preserve us! They must be in great anxiety on thy account. Thou must not go farther! Return home! If they should scold thee, and beat thee a little, it will then be well again!"

"Ah, no!" sighed Christian. "May I not remain with you? Do not withdraw your hand from me! I will with pleasure tend your fowls and ducks, and sleep upon the straw in the loft; let me only remain with you: do not drive me back again to the house!" He burst into tears and kissed the woman's hands and apron.

Then tears came into Lucie's eyes, and she besought for him. "Let him remain with us mother! Dost thou not know how badly his half-brother behaved to him in the church?"

"But I have no power over him! I cannot take him from his parents!"

"He can easily go with us to Svendborg; uncle will let him sleep all night in the ship, and to-morrow he can return with us. Then thou wilt first speak with his parents, and when their worst anger is abated and they will no longer scold him, he can return home again. He may do so, mother; may he not?"

Christian looked at her sorrowfully; she took him by the hand.

"Do not be sad! mother likes thee," said she, and looked beseechingly at her mother.

"Be it so, in God's name!" said she. "God has conducted thee to us; therefore, remain with us! Thou shalt suffer no want in Svendborg. To-morrow thou wilt go back with us?"

"Yes," answered Christian, whilst a deep sigh burst from his breast.

Then she again questioned him about the godfather, and about what he had been. The boy replied as well as he could. Lucie spoke of the dear uncle, and of the ship on which they should go on board, of the nice little cabin with the small windows and red curtains, and of the shadow-picture of her uncle's deceased wife, who had been a Swede from Malmö. She spoke of the shelf with the Bible, the hymn-book, and Albertus Julius, and of the old fiddle.

At these words Christian's eyes sparkled. "Fiddle!" exclaimed he; and now he had a presentiment, for the first time, of how dear this man might become to him.

In the forenoon they reached Svendborg. With what joy did he once more see lovely Thorseng, the straits, and the whole town! He could have nodded to all the houses, for in truth they were his old acquaintance. They went up the Mill Street; he looked down towards his god-

father's house; the window-shutters were not put to, but the door was fastened. They reached the bridge.

"There lies the Lucie!" said the mother, and pointed to a vessel.

"And there stands uncle!" cried Lucie, and they quickened their pace.

A little stout man in a flowered cotton-jacket, and of a red, jovial countenance, stood on the deck.

"How, then! you are really here!" exclaimed he; "now that we really must put down. Lisbeth and my little land-sailor, you came from the north with a south wind. Now, up with you on the plank!"

"But will it bear us?" asked Lisbeth.

"If it bear such a freight as me, it will certainly bear you, you tiny chickens! How tall thou art grown, Lucie! Soon a bride. Shall he be thy bridegroom, this little bit of a fellow whom thou hast brought with thee?" He pointed to Christian. "Nay, nay, out of Jack will grow a John! Take care, my lad, that she does not slip away from thee, before thou givest her the wedding-ring!"

"How neat every thing is here about thee, dear uncle!" said Lucie.

"The devil! dost thou think my ship is a pigsty? No, my sea-Lucie is every morning washed and adorned like every other little doll; and do we sweep before a good wind through the

the sea, her body is bathed in quite another way. The deck must be clean;—work-a-days it is my promenade; Sundays, my church. But that you should pay me a visit, that is quite unexpected: that was a good idea, Lisbeth!"

"To speak the truth," answered she, "it was Lucie who thought of it; and there was no peace in the house until we set out on our journey."

"It is more than a year since I saw thee, uncle," said the girl.

"But Esben shall run to land and order three portions of soup, and a good roasted piece of meat; for, by my soul, you shall dine with me on board. Esben makes chicory-coffee which we might set before the emperor; I have taught him how to clear it with isinglass. Come down with me into the cabin! I must lay my old ship somewhat on one side, so as to get down. I have never in all my life fallen out with a single human soul; and yet every day am I quarrelling with my cabin-door, because it squeezes my ribs. Formerly I was as thin as a lath."

In the cabin was every thing just as Lucie had already described it. The little red curtains fluttered before the cabin-windows, between which hung the *silhouette* of Mrs. Vieck. Above the windows, on a shelf, lay the books and the violin; this especially attracted Christian's attention, for however simple an instrument it might be, it still seemed to him an Aladdin's lamp, which

had power over spirits—the mighty spirits of music.

"If the windows only came down a little lower, it would be lighter here," said Lucie.

"Lower down!" returned Peter Vieck; "then the sea would wash the whole body of the vessel clean! Thou dost not understand as much of sea matters as a goose, which steers itself with its two legs. Ah, you land-people are fine ones! Dost not thou know the story of the boat, or the young ship? There were once some wise people of thy description, who wished to buy themselves a ship, but they had not money enough to pay for a great vessel, and therefore bought a jolly-boat which they saw hanging on the stern, thinking it was a young one which was still growing. Now they took this young one to graze, so that it might eat and grow big; and because the creature would not eat, they thought it was ill and pining for its mother. Therefore they gave the sailors money that it might remain a year longer with its mother, till it had learnt to eat alone. And when the sailors, not wishing to refuse the wise people this, bound the jolly-boat behind the ship, they exclaimed: 'See how merry he is now!' That was when they saw it tossing on the waters behind the great ship. Yes, yes, you land-people are good sea-folks!" He then inquired about Christian, and learned his history, and that he had left his parents. But with regard to the affair of

the godfather he said, speaking in his peculiar manner, it would be best to let the affair sail its own course, and not steer in this track. For this night, Lisbeth and Lucie could sleep at his lodgings on shore; he himself would remain on board, where Christian might have a berth. When the two were left alone together, the acquaintance became somewhat more intimate.

"Now, my youth," said Peter Vieck, "shall we combat with the sandman? but thou mayest believe he will soon whip us up into the third heaven! Or shall I fetch myself a glass of grog and a pipe, and gossip a bit with the two womenfolk? Thou sayest that thou canst play the fiddle! well then, let me hear thee fiddle."

Christian trembled with joy as he touched the strings; he made some of the most artistical preludes which his godfather had taught him.

"Yes, truly!" said Peter Vieck, smiling, "that is a very nice melody if it had only been in another tune; that is truly Arabic that thou art playing, for it gets into one's head like old cognac. Canst not thou play a piece that will put the legs in motion?" He took the violin himself, and played a Molinaski. Then he asked about Christian's condition at home, and about his half-brother, Niels. "But why art thou such a flat fellow as not to give blows in return?" said he then. "Give him a good thumper, and he would soon draw in his horns. Sell thy fiddle! that was

a sin! Thou must stand on thy own feet. Nay, truly! stand thou couldst not, and therefore thou hast got out of the way. True it is, things often go on worse on land than on open sea. What, then, was thy own father?"

Christian related.

"I knew him," said the sailor. "Yes, he crawled off to land at Leghorn. By my soul, he was no bad fellow, although he was a tailor."

"Could I only go to foreign lands!" sighed Christian. "Oh, if I could only remain in your ship!" At these words he seized the old seaman's hand, and his eyes became as eloquent as his lips.

"If thy mother said Yes, thou couldst always remain with me, for I must have a lad: but I will tell thee this; we do not always lie in harbour; we get into the sea, where Lucie begins to dance, and where thou mightest get a little shower-bath. It may also chance that thou mayest get a jacketful or a good knock; and then thou must give up all thoughts of running away, my lad. Neither have we always coffee and sour bread on the table. Sleep now in the little cabin, there thou liest as safely as in thy mother's box."

Peter Vieck sat on the deck, drank his grog, and smoked his pipe to it; Christian laid himself down to sleep. Pious trust in God filled his childish soul.

In the early morning, as was his custom, he left his bed; this made a good impression on the captain.

"Thou dost like the cocks," said he; "thou art early on thy legs: that I like! But it would be best for thee to sail landwards, so that thou mayest have thy papers clear, and mother say, Thou mayest move off. God help me! now he is chop-fallen! Yes, thou art the right sea-fish for me!"

"Oh, keep him with thee, dear uncle!" besought Lucie, when she came and saw Christian mournful. "Mother will go over this evening to his parents, and tell them all. He has no one who could be to him such a good uncle as thou art to me!" And her small hands glided caressingly over her great-uncle's wrinkled cheeks.

"Nay, only see! has not that thing already the departed Mrs. Peter Vieck's manners, when she wishes to sail in deep water? You women are, after all, droll stuff!"

Lucie did not desist from her sure art of persuasion, and Christian might how remain until the wishes of his parents had been learned.

Already on the following day, Marie came to Svendborg; she was alone, hastened immediately to the vessel, and kissed the boy and scolded him at the same time.

"Good Heavens! to run away from us in that way! Yes, thou art thy father's to the very

letter; he also caused me trouble. Thou must not think that I will beat thee, although thou dost deserve it. Only try what it is being among strangers! I know well what I endured with thy father. And dost thou think I should have married again, except on thy account? I do not walk on roses, thou mayest believe that. But thou art a spoiled child! Sail away with the ship, and if it is lost with man and mouse, I shall have that sorrow also."

Such were the words of the tenderly scolding mother; and Christian now became a sailor-boy. A kind of contract was signed; the only thing which he had properly understood was the permission of sometimes borrowing the captain's fiddle, for he had anxiously besought this when asked whether he understood every thing.

Now he must make acquaintance with the fore-stay and jib, and soon he hung in the rigging like a sea-mew, although he had had no previous practice in springing and climbing.

CHAPTER XIV.

" Ich seh von des Schiffes Rande
Tief in die Fluth hinein—
Meerkönig auf seiner Warte
Sitzt in der Dämm'rung tief,
Als ob er mit langem Barte
Ueber seiner Harfe schief.
Da kommen und gehen die Schiffe
Darüber, er merkt es kaum,
Von seinem Korallenriffe
Grüsst er sie wie ein Traum.'—EICHENDORFF.

On the 18th of October was every thing on board ready for sailing. Beside the captain, Peter Vieck, the ship's company consisted of three sailors; there were also two passengers on board, a lady and a gentleman. The former was an elderly gouvernante, who in her blooming days had appeared on the stage of the theatre at Odense, but which she had afterwards left on account, as she said, of a moral consideration. Besides this she wrote verses, but only in the German language; for alone in it, said she, could sublime thoughts be expressed. She was now going to a noble family in Copenhagen. The

gentleman, on the contrary, lived in the capital, and was a counsellor-of-war—a title which he had bought at the desire of his wife.

The vessel passed, in full sail, St. Jürgenshof and the fishing-village. It seemed to Christian hastening on into the wide world. China or Copenhagen, both were new to him. Peter Vieck would sail between the islands, and keep an open sea.

The two passengers had already made acquaintance with each other, and yet the Lucie had not yet passed the island of Arrö before the counsellor-of-war had laid before the gouvernante-elect all his joys and sorrows. He was a poet, and had in his time sent contributions to the "Evening Post" and Paulsen's "New-year's Gift," yet always under a false name; elegiac poetry was his peculiar forte: besides this he wrote catalogues for auctions, critiques, and any kind of light article.

"But one takes no pleasure in it," said he. "One sits down to look out for faults, about which one only angers one's self; and if one makes them known people are angry. '*Irritable genus!*' as the Roman says. I have practised myself in all the measures of Horace, which now, alas! are neglected for the more modern ones, which must anger any man of classic taste. I have also raised my voice against them, have written against them, and annoyed myself and many other people who

have sent epigrams to the papers; but I never read what appears in the gazettes and journals except what I send myself. Then they sent me by the foot-post a satirical poem, in which I was called a *bussemen;* and that was written with a double *s*, which is quite incorrect, because the word comes from *buse*, that is, a pirate-vessel which in former times was employed by pirates, who were called *busemen*, after their ships. It is quite annoying when people apply themselves to writing when they don't know how to spell, which is just like people wishing to talk when they have nó teeth. Stay! that thought was a good one; that I must note down," interrupted he himself, repeating the last words of his definition to himself, and then writing it down with his pencil in his pocket-book. "You see, Mamsell, I have accustomed myself to let nothing good be lost; if I have a good idea I write it down, for since I have undertaken to write the parts for our dramatic company I have, like Jean Paul, a drawer near me full of strips of paper with such ideas, and these I insert in the different parts, which produces a good effect."

The gouvernante related to her companion how she already, for eleven years, had kept a journal, but always in the German language.

This was the low comic reality of every-day life which here shewed itself, but in both of them we may find a beautiful and poetical side; for all

people have this side, even although it may only shew itself momentarily. Even in the crooked mind of the gouvernante there lay something which must touch every one. For almost an entire year she had lived on tea and bread, for that was all which her industry could earn for the morning, mid-day, and evening meal. Her standing idea was, Virtue is my goal. The counsellor-of-war was devoted to what was old. What could he, indeed, do, since Heaven had given him no Janus-countenance, which looked equally well before and after?

At noon the vessel entered the open sea—this ostrich of the sea, which rushes over the great wastes of ocean, leaving behind it gulfs and bays; too heavy to raise itself in the air, it has at the same time the speed of a bird. The swelling sails stood forth like wings from the little caravan which moved along its way. Christian saw how the coasts of his own country lost more and more their well-known aspect; the quick passage, the fresh sea-air, and the many new objects which glided past, filled his soul with strange thoughts.

The last sunbeams disappeared in the mist which lay upon the ocean. It became dark. The lantern on the poop only cast its light upon the nearest ropes. The waves struck with a monotonous splash against the sides of the vessel, which with quick speed glided over the palaces of the sea-kings. Suddenly it struck against

some object; a loud cry was heard, which, however, was soon again silent; the waters beat more violently against the ship, and on board was heard a grating noise at the bottom of the ship.

"Lord Jesus!" cried the sailor at the rudder, at the same time giving a movement to the vessel.

The lantern was drawn up, the jolly-boat let down, and Christian must ring the ship's bell,—a boat full of men had they sailed over in the dark night.

"Death's mystery is too deep for us to trace!—
Canst thou unmoved gaze into his face?
More than the dreaming poet can conceive
Will Death, the realiser, to us give.

We know already here this plainest truth,
That they are happiest who have died in youth:
But we are only children, yet too small
For that which in yon world awaiteth all."

"The morning air is cold," said the counsellor-of-war, when he at break of day thrust forth his yellowish countenance from the cabin-door. The wind blew sharply, and had raised the mist into clouds; the dark-green sea shewed her white foam. "The sky looks doubtful," pursued the counsellor-of-war.

"It looks somewhat bad," answered the captain, and pointed towards the flying rain-clouds.

"Were you ever out at sea in such bad weather before?" inquired the gouvernante.

"What is the matter with the weather?" said Peter Vieck; "it is as splendid as one can wish if to be! Had we a flying three-quarter wind the Lucie would reel about in another fashion." Silent he remained at the rudder, and looked out over the foaming sea.

"I have made preparations for sea-sickness," said the counsellor-of-war. "I have vellum-paper on my legs, blotting-paper on my stomach, and a nutmeg on the pit of the stomach. I have also provided myself with lemon-peel for chewing."

The gouvernante had merely provided herself with a green silk thread, bound round the left hand, and always turned her face against the wind.

"You must not imagine that you will be sea-sick, my little Mamsell," said the counsellor-of-war. "I can read you a little treatise to divert you. I have here a practical proposition for the royal theatrical direction, which you would, perhaps, like to hear. First, I propose that every theatrical singer shall be obliged to sing that part which is laid before him — let it be bass or tenor, it is all the same: if he have a voice he must be able to sing; and you see, Mamsell, that is really a change for the better. In the second place, I wish that each theatrical poet shall be answerable for the success of his piece; if this do not at the first or second representation bring a certain sum to the funds of the theatre, the poet must

make good what is wanting. This is a proposal which is very advantageous, for the funds are always the important thing about the stage; and by this means, also, the writing mania of certain original writers may be tamed a little."

"I feel so unwell about my heart!" here interrupted the gouvernante.

At this moment a wave dashed over the ship, and with its salt water sprinkled these fresh theatrical regulations.

"A little piece of lemon-peel!" cried the counsellor-of-war.

"Oh, Heavens!" sighed the gouvernante; "I who so dearly love the sea when I am on land!"

"Truly, a most original speech," said the counsellor-of-war. "Do you permit me, Mamsell, to note down this thought?"

He took his pocket-book to write it down, whilst Peter Vieck bore the gouvernante into the cabin.

Meantime the counsellor-of-war studied navigation; upon which he intended, after completing his journey, to write a treatise: for there was no subject in which he had not appeared as an author, from the preparation and employment of bone-dust as manure to philosophical reflections upon the character of Hamlet, because he understood all subjects equally well. Therefore he hoped that government would, some time, be

made observant of him, and give him a post as inspector of the stud, head-pilot, or theatrical-director, since his ability was able to make itself available every where.

On the morning of the following day he observed the chalk-rocks of the Island Möen, past which the vessel sailed. In his hand he held the manuscript of the collected poems of the gouvernante. It was a pity that just the very poem which referred to this neighbourhood, "On seeing the Island Möen by Moonlight," was wanting in this collection, as the authoress did not write it till fourteen days after her arrival in Copenhagen, when she had studied the rocks in "Molbach's Youthful Wanderings," where they are represented in unnatural magnitude.

"*Insula Mona*, it is called in Latin," said the counsellor-of-war. "There is an uncommon melody in the language of the ancients! They were men!" He then sank into a silent delight over the sublime wisdom of men who had lived two thousand years ago, and seized his pocket-book to note down all the beautiful thoughts which were born of these dreams.

Towards evening the towers of Copenhagen and the castle of Christiansborg arose out of the Gulf of Kjöge. The eye took in the outlines as darkness again obliterated the picture. In the same manner arise also in our soul the remembrances of former dream-pictures; yet, whilst

we strive after them, does the darkness again close over them. Will a day at length arise when all that we have here dreamed will be changed into reality?

More and more did the number of ships increase which met them; in the distance already glittered the lights of Copenhagen and of the island Amack. Christian heard now the windlass turned; the anchor was let down, voices were heard from the land; Peter Vieck got into a jolly-boat, he was followed by the cotmsellor-of-war and the gouvernante, the latter of whom thrust a few skillings into the sailor-boy's hand.

Already this night they were to sleep in this great, wonderful city: on the morrow was Christian to see it. Would it indeed be larger than Svendborg? Would the houses resemble the castle at Thorseng, and would there be also music here? Whilst these thoughts busied his soul, there resounded from the ramparts of the near citadel a bugle-horn. The wind bore the soft, melancholy tones across the water to his ear; he folded his hands in silent prayer.

CHAPTER XV.

"Paa Daudseboden var jeg och engang."
CARL DAHLGREEN.

THE morning dawned; Christian hastened on deck; and if a marble city with golden roofs had lain before him he would not have been astonished, his imagination was prepared for any thing. He had fancied to himself that the first view of the large city would enchant him; but there was nothing at all of any thing he had conceived. He saw many ships, some houses, and, on the small promontory to the left, a row of high buildings, which seemed to swim upon the water.

The sun now shone upon the many half-finished vessels which lay in the docks; the workmen became visible; and the Lucie glided along the broad stream between the islands and the city; buildings came into sight, towers and bridges became distinct. They sailed down a whole long street: that was "Newhaven." Tall houses stood on either side—no house in Svend-

borg had so many stories. Large and small vessels lay here side by side in the broad canal, and from each streamed its gay flag, for there was a wedding in the harbour. That was a splendid sight, just as if the king were coming! In the narrow streets, on either side the canal, carriages and coaches rushed past, and people cried and shouted. Grandly dressed ladies and gentlemen passed by without greeting each other.

The Lucie was now brought alongside the bastion and made fast.

At the end of the canal there lay a large market-place, and from thence resounded festive and beautiful music! Yes, doubtless, in this great city there was nothing but festival-days and joy! The day vanished like a single hour; and when evening approached, and the flags were lowered, there appeared in all windows, in honour of the bridal pair, lights which illuminated the whole canal, and mirrored the houses in the clear water. A boy with an organ played melancholy dances.

"Ah!" sighed Christian, "if one could only always remain in the midst of this splendour and glory!"

Peter Vieck was already gone to pay visits, and two of the sailors had received permission to go on land. Christian besought that they would take him with them, which was not quite agreeable to one, who thought the lad could not go

with them to Steffen-Margaret's. Nevertheless, he went.

They stepped on land, and went over the large square. Here sat a bronze king on horseback, surrounded by four gigantic figures. The buildings which he now saw seemed to him to be palaces; and in the streets through which they passed every shop gleamed out more beautifully than the last. Here was a crush! Carriages rushed past far oftener than to the ball at the Town-hall in Svendborg. They now reached smaller streets, but the houses here were equally high; and at the open windows sat beautiful, elegant ladies, dressed as if for a ball, and greeted the passers-by in as polite and friendly a manner as if they had been their acquaintance. At the corner of a street sat, cowering on the cold, dirty steps, a young, deathly-pale woman. She was wrapped in rags; a little, half-naked boy lay weeping in her lap; a yellow, sickly-looking baby lay at her famished breast; she leaned her head against the wall and cursed; she seemed neither to feel any thing for the elder nor yet for the younger child.

"She is ill!" exclaimed Christian. "Shall we not tell the genteel ladies!"

The sailors laughed, and led him into a by-street, where flutes and violins resounded from a low house. Here they entered.

Jubilant tones flowed through the boy's heart;

the number of lights in the chandeliers and small lamps blinded him, although a grey mist lay over all. With his hat in his hand, he bowed with a friendly air on all sides, but no one paid any attention. The men were not dressed up, but the ladies were all the more so, and their cheeks bloomed like roses. A great fellow danced with his pipe in his mouth, and blew great clouds of smoke over the shoulders of his lady. Near the door sat a young girl with her cavalier; certainly they were betrothed! Now appeared a tall lady in a white dress; she wore flowers in her hair, and carried a bottle of ale in her hand. That was Steffen-Margaret. She knew the seamen, and was perhaps related to them, for she threw her arms round them and gave a kiss of welcome. That was an especially beautiful lady! She spoke so sweetly to Christian, and gave him a glass of punch. He kissed her hand, and she kindly parted his hair and stroked it back from his face. She was certainly a thoroughly kind lady!

Full of reverence, and with a grateful heart, he quitted her house. The history of the peasant-boy who became emperor occurred to him: yes, would this grand lady only interest herself about him, he could easily attain to playing the violin; perhaps find a place among the other musicians; perhaps become something still grander; but it must be in the musical line!

It was become tolerably quiet in the streets. It was already late in the night, but of that he was not aware. Still sounded the flutes and violins, and through the heart cut in the window-shutter streamed a long ray of light. Now, a watchman of a by-street blew his whistle, voices were heard; there was a tumult. Immediately there passed him a strange procession. Upon a ladder there lay bound a young girl, dressed like the ladies of the saloon, and watchmen bore her away. Christian knew not what to think of this city, or of the people who lived in it. He again reached his ship; the houses were still illuminated, and the lights reflected themselves in the waters of the harbour. The sailors forbade him to tell the captain where he had been with them.

Overpowered by the various impressions which the past day and evening had made upon his young soul, he could not sleep; predominant was the thought,—Couldst thou always remain here! The lady who had kissed and caressed him appeared so good, and of such consequence, he would confide in her! She could do a deal for him, and she would willingly do it, were he right candidly to reveal his inclination for the violin. Full of pious faith he included her in his evening prayer, and determined some day secretly to go to her. Then did sleep close his weary eyes.

The next morning, as he hung high up

among the rigging to repair something, he was astonished at the wide prospect which presented itself. On the right he had the large market-place with the bronze statues; on the left he looked over the islands into the dark-blue sea, and on towards the Swedish coast. But, more than all the rest, did the sight of a garden captivate him, which was close behind the wall before which the ship lay. Wonderfully beautiful and rare plants grew in it, and a large poplar, which reminded him strongly of the Jew's garden which he had once seen as a child. Behind the high bushes looked forth glass-houses, behind the windows of which were leaves and flowers visible. It was the Botanic Garden which so attracted him. Every thing which he had seen of Copenhagen was perfectly beautiful; and still the others said he had as yet seen nothing. Here he desired to remain; God would certainly help him to do so, thought he. As soon as he should be again permitted to go on shore he would seek out the friendly lady, upon whom he had founded all his hopes.

In the following week was the birthday of the reigning queen. All the vessels which lay in the harbour hoisted their colours, and the streets resounded with all kinds of music. Christian received permission to wander about by himself, and now it was needful to find his way to the little street in which he had been the first evening.

The great, grand street with its many shops he soon found. Here fluttered all manner of gay stuffs at the doors, the most amusing toys were to be seen in the windows, and the signs were like pictures—one might have adorned the walls of a room beautifully with them. Sunk in contemplation, he wandered from one street to another; the one he sought he did not find. He came to a square where a fountain fell into a basin, and the streams played with golden apples. This happened in honour of the day. Yes, Copenhagen was a glorious city! But how should he again find that lady? There were no other means to be thought of, he must beg the sailors to take him once more with them; then he would more carefully impress on his memory where she lived.

In the evening there was an illumination; in the great market-place burnt pitch-torches, and the king and queen rode in their splendid carriages to the play.

"There we also will go some evening," said Peter Vieck. "There thou shalt hear music, and see fine things."

Could there, then, be more splendid music than he had heard in the streets? Could gaiety be carried to a greater excess than he had seen among the gaily dressed ladies?

They went through a by-street; Christian knew it again. The light shone through the cut-

out hearts; in the room resounded the music. Yes, there was the place where he had been. Carefully he now impressed the street and house in his memory.

The next Sunday he asked permission to go to church, put on his best clothes, and went then to the nearest church. He had no hymn-book, but he satisfied himself with singing the melody after the organ; and when service was over he sought out the well-known street, and at length found it. The shutters were still closed at the house, and he entered a dark passage, in which he found the door so well known to him. Before he ventured to knock, he prayed that he might succeed in softening the good lady's heart, so that she should find him some musical situation. He had no regularly formed plan.

He now knocked. An old woman in dirty clothes opened the door, and demanded what he wanted? His answer was somewhat disconnected, and the old woman was about to fasten the door again, when Steffen-Margaret herself, in a light morning-dress, appeared. She wore laced boots with fur at the ankles.

"Is it thou?" said she, smiling with her friendly countenance. "Hast thou a message from Sören for me?"

The old woman stepped aside, and Christian now seized the lady's hand, kissed her fingers, and then with great *naïveté* related his great love

of music, how badly it had gone with him at home, and how he had now entered the world. At first, the lady laughed at him; soon, however, she listened to him more gravely, and at length, when his tears flowed, she dried his eyes with her handkerchief.

"Yes, my good lad," said she, "I have nothing to do with Turkish music. If thou hadst only been a little girl!" She then led him to an open cupboard, gave him punch to drink, made him a present of apples, and then laughed right heartily. "Thou art, after all, a kind of genius," said she.

At this moment several other young ladies entered from a side-room; they were equally lightly clothed, and, when they had heard Christian's proposal, they also laughed and looked at him with astonished eyes.

What might he hope? and what did she promise him? He was full of joy when he left the house: she had held out her hand to him, and had said to him, in a consoling manner, he should be of good courage and he would make his way.

He placed, in truth, as much faith in this consolation as many another true genius who lays his fate in the hands of a wealthy man or woman, who often knows how to judge these things, perhaps, no better than Steffen-Margaret herself.

CHAPTER XVI.

Margot.—" Sie war's.
Touison.—Und sie erkannt' uns nicht!"
Die Jungfrau von Orleans.

" This evening we will go the play," said Peter Vieck, and took good little Christian by the hand.

A peasant who had never been in a theatre before was once taken to see a play; when he entered the vestibule he went straight up to the check-taker's box, thrust his head through the little opening, and remained standing there in the expectation that this was the place in which he should see the play. The same thing might have happened to Christian, for never in his life had he seen a theatre. All was new to him—the sentinels in the vestibule, as well as the crowd of people who ascended the stairs.

" Now thou shalt see a little box; we will soon sit in the middle of it," said Peter Vieck. " They will stick us in the upper drawer. See,

the under ones are a little drawn out, so that the ladies may not spoil their grandeur!"

They took their places on the first bench. Christian was in a solemn mood; the whole seemed to him like a great church.

"Those laced beds there, on either side, are for the king and queen," said Peter Vieck. "That painted sheet there, in front, goes up into the air like a ship's sail; and then the ladies come forth and stretch out their legs, first this one, then that one, like flies upon a dish of milk."

The lamps threw their bright light upon the gilt boxes, in which sat the richly dressed ladies. And now entered the king and the whole court; Christian felt alarmed, and yet was highly delighted: he was then in the very same house in which the king was; he had only to call out loudly and the king would hear, and certainly ask, "Who calls?"

Now all was quite silent, when suddenly there burst forth an ocean of music. The representation commenced, and he heard such singing as he never heard before Tears started to his eyes; he suppressed them, for people would certainly laugh at him did they see him crying. The joys of heaven could not be greater than always sitting here, thought he; and yet the piece that was given was somewhat wearisome, said the others. But now came the best at the end, the splendid ballet of "Bluebeard."

The music sounded like human voices—yes, like all living nature. He fancied he again heard the storm at St. Regissa's well, when the trees bent like reeds and the leaves whirled about. He heard the wind as it rushes through the rigging and masts, but melodiously beautiful, far more beautiful than his godfather's playing; and yet this music reminded Christian of him.

The curtain rose, and Bluebeard's seven murdered wives floated in their white garments over the couch of their murderer. The music expressed the passionate language of the dead; his imagination followed the whole romantic poem. The happy children who danced before Isaura! Were he only among them! A more beautiful fate than that of these little ones he could not imagine upon earth. Oh, might he only shout his wishes, his love of music, to the king, the gracious gentleman would assist him! But he did not dare to do this. Theatrical life seemed to him a magical picture of happiness and excellence, and many other people dream the same as he.

At Paris, in the ballet "Le Diable Boiteux," one sees the opposite of that which the spectator is accustomed to see. One is placed in the scene itself, and gazes from thence upon an imaginary theatre; the scenes turn their unpainted sides towards one, the up-rolled background is the curtain, and one sees the rows of spectators who

applaud and hiss. The dancers turn their backs upon the public. By this representation one is transported behind the scenes; could we only gaze as easily into the human hearts which there beat, what a shadow-world of passions and tears would be revealed! This host of dancing women know in their homes nothing but poverty. In the chorus of singers is *one* who might take the first place on the stage; but the directors do not know how to value him, and the manager cannot endure him. In the theatrical state one lives under the dominion of the thirty tyrants. A badly paid artist has full right to a ticket for food, gratis, from the institution for the relief of the poor. The poet receives no pension, in order that the recollection of the naked present may keep him in a fit tragical mood.

"There sits Naomi!" suddenly exclaimed Christian, in the midst of his delight at what went on before him. "Yes, it is she!" and his glance forsook the enchanted world, Isaura's struggle, and the seductive golden keys; for he only saw the slender, sweet girl, with the coal-black gazel eyes and the southern complexion. She sat in the first row among the other elegantly dressed ladies. "We have played together," said he to Peter Vieck, and from that moment his interest was divided between the ballet and Naomi.

Only too soon ended that glorious and splendid spectacle, and now all hastened forth, as though

they had been endeavouring to escape from something unpleasant. In vain did Christian's eyes search in the crush for Naomi; she was nowhere to be seen: perhaps it was she who just then rolled away in the splendid coach?

Long did the music sound in Christian's ears, the whole representation stood livingly before his eyes. Thus do we long gaze at the glory of a star when daylight has driven it away. Now he felt that there was something higher, something nobler than the mere occupations of every-day life; his intellectual being, his genius had been awoke, and strove after developement. He had a feeling of the pearl which lay concealed in his soul, the holy pearl of art; but he knew not yet that it, like the ocean pearl, must await the diver, who will bring it forth to day, or must cling fast to the mussels or oyster, in order by means of these high patrons to attain observation.

"Now, my lad, thou wouldst have liked to jump about with the rest, wouldst thou not?" said Peter Vieck.

"Yes!" replied Christian in his enthusiasm.

"That is sorrowful bread, my son!" said the captain. "When thou or I pay our three marks they must be our fools."

No, in that manner it was impossible for him to regard the affair! The king and a thousand people had looked on, and listened with the greatest attention; devotion had filled the whole

house as in a church. As yet he had forgotten nothing, and in the midst of all these longed-for splendours floated Naomi's form before his eyes —she, the friendly playfellow of his childhood!

Rich in thought lay he in his little berth in the low cabin; a cheerless mist spread its covering over the vessel, as though he were lying there concealed and forgotten by the whole great city. Perhaps this was an emblem of his future, the emblem of many a richly gifted soul. Genius resembles an egg, which requires the warmth, the vivifying principle of good fortune, that it may not become a windegg.

It was long past midnight before the boy fell asleep.

Often after that evening did he sit in his dark cabin—for in the harbour no vessel is allowed to burn a light—and played reminiscences from "Bluebeard;" he busied himself in finding on his violin the tones which answered to the wind blowing through the rigging of the ship. From the music which he daily heard played by the main-guard he treasured up in his memory whole strains, which he then repeated on his violin as a varied pot-pourri. Often flattered he himself with the hope that the friendly lady, his good fairy, would suddenly appear on board, and work a change in his condition. He thought of Naomi; yes, she loved him! she had indeed wept when she was torn away from him!

As he thus one evening sat quite alone in the vessel, lights streamed over to him from the beautiful house opposite to which the vessel lay at anchor, and he heard gay music. There was a dance. The whole reminded him of the evening in the Glorup garden. He stood and leaned against the mast, thoughtful and listening, and drank in the sweet music.

Suddenly he thought he would climb up the mast, which would bring him on a level with the ball-room. A window stood open, and through it he could see the whole gay company. It consisted mostly of children; it was a children's ball which was given. All seemed joyous, and were festally arrayed. On the walls of the ball-room hung large paintings; on shining consoles stood two marble busts, and around glittered lights and mirrors, exhibiting all the objects in an increased splendour. There now floated a delicate, lovely girl over the floor, her black hair fell in curls upon her beautiful neck, and her dark eyes beamed a joyous life. "Naomi!" cried Christian, suddenly with a loud voice; and he could see how she started, looked around her on all sides, and smiled. His eyes were alone riveted upon her, his thoughts were with her — and he let the ropes glide through his hands, sprang on land and into the house, rushed up the steps, opened the door of the saloon from whence sounded the music, and at once stood in the midst

of the gaily dressed children, who, full of astonishment, stared at the poor sailor-lad, who now, dazzled by the brightness of the lamps and tapers, had returned to consciousness, and stood embarrassed in the splendid room.

"What dost thou want here?" asked two half-grown boys, whose fathers, one immediately saw, were either wealthy or held some office which gave them importance. They were two ciphers among the numbers, who reflected no glory on their families, but only received their worth from the figures behind which they were placed.

Naomi had also approached him, and observed him with curiosity; she smiled—certainly! she recognized him! Christian stretched forth his hand towards her and stammered, "Naomi!" She became crimson all over.

"Dirty lad!" exclaimed she, and tore herself away. At the same instant a servant entered.

"What dost thou want?" said he, seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder. Christian stammered a few words, whilst the servant said he had made a bad hit and had lost nothing here. He led him to the steps; and without replying another word, and wounded to the soul, Christian rushed down the way he had come, and went again on board. He clung to the mast and wept bitterly, whilst the music rejoiced in gay dance-melodies.

The deep grief of a child's soul is not inferior to the greatest sorrows of a grown-up person.

The child in his sorrow knows not the consolation of hope; reason does not extend her supporting hand towards him, and in the first moments of his agony he has nothing but his sorrow. She had denied him; she, whom he loved as a sister! He felt that, like the Paria, he belonged to a despised caste. All the fetters which chained him pressed, in this moment, tighter round his heart. His playfellows in the farm-yard had mocked him, had called him a crazy fellow; Naomi, who had once understood him, turned away from "the dirty lad!"

Such a moment makes rich in experience. The merry jubilee above was a Bengal-light, which illuminated the concluding act of his life's drama. He again climbed up the mast, and gazed through the open window into the splendid hall, where Naomi and the happy children, arm-in-arm, floated along to the jubilant tones. The domestics presented in crystal dishes the most costly meats and splendid fruits, and in the middle of the hall stood Naomi with her dark eyes, laughing and clapping her hands. But without fell the cold sleet, and a grey mist cast its damp mantle on "the dirty lad," who clung fast to the wet ropes.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"— Jeg will kjöre
Over Söen, hvid og glat
— Du behöver ei al frygte
Der er sikkert, kan Du troe.
Frosten bygte
Mange Dage paa sin Bro."

CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

"Da hörtes Isen Stranden slaae
Og skummet styrted' ovenpaa
Hoit snysed' Havets Vover."

OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

IT was a severe and a long winter: the ice lay like a firm bridge between Zealand and Schönen. The Swedish peasant, who is always the first who ventures to make the journey over the bridge which has been erected by the cold, drove in his sledge towards Denmark; and people drove cattle for slaughter across the ice, although it was asserted that the passage over the channel where the stream ran was by no

means without danger. Between Copenhagen and the battery of the Three Crowns, which lies at the distance of about two miles, there extended itself a broad road made dirty by traffic, and on either side wound the track of the foot-passengers. Where only a few weeks before three-masted vessels had rocked themselves in security on the water, now sat old women with tables spread, and offered bread and drinkables at a cheap rate. Here also stood tents, upon which the Danish flag floated in the blue frosty air, and through the whole day it was one swarm of human beings. Ships, great ships, lay firmly walled in the ice like wrecks run aground. Along the Swedish coast, as far as the eye could reach, were seen moving, one by one, black specks,—people on foot and people in carriages, who were visiting the neighbour-country.

Such a broad market-place, several miles in extent on the fields of ice and snow, has a something in it very imposing, if one reflects on what an abyss gapes under it, and that a storm and the altered direction of the current might destroy the ice-covering in a few minutes. But as the vine-dresser plants his vines in the hot lava-soil, and sleeps himself unfearingly on the margin of the abyss, so drives the peasant forth over the ice, consoled by the reflection that his life is in God's hand.

We know that Peter Vieck's deceased wife was a Swede out of Malmö, where yet her connexions resided. A mariner whose vessel lies

frozen up has not much to do. As now, therefore, the road to Sweden was pretty well trodden, and people passed daily across, Peter Vieck determined to pay a visit to the relatives of his late wife in Malmö, and that Christian should accompany him.

During the forenoon the weather was favourable for their journey. The Sound resembled a snow-plain; in some places the wind had piled up the snow into little hillocks, in others the polished ice-surface was visible, which looked like inland lakes between mountains.

"Now comes the question," said Peter Vieck, "whether the lid will hold so that we do not plump down into the pot where neither sun nor moon shines. But we are children of the sea—we shall escape, let it hold or break!"

They had proceeded a few miles from the coast of Zealand when a strong wind arose and dark clouds began to ascend; but Peter Vieck was vivacity itself. They met a herd of cattle, the driver of which assured them that the ice as yet was firm and safe, but that later in the day there would be a change in the weather.

"Now, that would be capital if it became open sea whilst we are over there!" said Peter Vieck. "It may be; then we shall save our feet and come swinging back again. Here one goes crawling along like a fly on a sugar-cask."

The air became darker and darker; a few snow-flakes fell—our travellers had not yet

made half the distance. All at once the clouds began to discharge their contents, and a violent snow-storm commenced.

"Pull your handkerchief over your ears!" said Peter Vieck; "it is only a passing storm."

They went forward; their heads held down in order to defend themselves against the whirling snow. High above them roared the wind like the rushing sails of a mill.

"Now it will, however, soon lay itself!" said Peter Vieck, glancing round in the air and standing for a moment still. At that moment there resounded from under his feet a report, as if the largest cannon had been fired.

"As long as it cracks it will bear," said he, seized Christian's hand, and sped rapidly forward. "We must go in a direct line, and then we shall hit the bridge of boats at Malmö to a hair. To-day it foams from above!" said he, as he blew the snow away from him. Again there was a report below them from the strong currents, which made rents in the ice, yet without their being visible. "They are very pretty cannon which they have down below there!" said Peter Vieck; "they might as well have celebrated the queen's birthday with them."

For a moment the snow somewhat abated; but an extraordinary sobbing sound, which was quite different from that which they had heard before, now sounded below them. It was as if

the locked-up depths were exerting themselves to breathe. Peter Vieck stood still, and cast observant glances towards the Swedish coast.

"We have yet gone scarcely half-way across," said he. "I fancy that we shall do best to-day to leave Sweden to itself." He stood again still and considered.

As a sailor, it was clear to him that, however strong the ice might be, yet that with the altered current and the wind in the south-east, as it now was, it must within a few hours break up and be driven towards the north. An occurrence of this kind is one of the most imposing natural scenes which our country affords. The strength of the ice in combat with the strength of the currents produces great effect, more especially at Helsingör, where the Sound is only a few miles across. Immense masses of ice press themselves together, the stream lifts them aloft, and, firmly riveted together, the floating glass-like rocks pile themselves one upon another in all kinds of grotesque shapes. The whole Sound at that time resembles a floating glacier.

Yet there were as yet no visible traces of such a scene: the signal for it had been given; the submarine war-horse had consecrated to death all wanderers above him. Again the snow fell. Peter Vieck turned round, and now they went on quicker than before, for wind and snow were no longer against them. All at once there sounded

close behind them a feeble but thrilling cry of anguish; he looked round him, and only just in time to escape being run over by a light sledge, in which four persons were seated, who were posting on at full speed in the direction of the Sound between both countries. Peter Vieck shouted "Holla!" to which a return was made and the sledge drew up.

A Danish gentleman, who seemed to be of rank, sat with his servant on the front seat; two ladies, the one elderly the other quite young, occupied the principal seat in the sledge. The younger wept aloud, the other wrapped herself closely in her cloak.

"How far do you suppose us to be from the coast of Zealand?" asked the gentleman.

"Ten or twelve miles," replied Peter Vieck. "But if the gentleman drives in that direction it will take a long time before he reaches land. That direction goes directly to Prussia. Here lies Sweden, there Zealand!" said he, pointing right and left from the sledge.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the gentleman.

"I have the compass in my head," answered Peter Vieck.

"The cursed weather!" said the stranger. "The air was quite clear when we drove from Sweden! We are certainly below Hveen?"

"No," replied Peter Vieck; "it is higher up. Will you permit me to be your helmsman? And

it will not do either to go driving on at a gallop; there might easily come a little crack in the way."

"Dear captain, is it you?" asked the old lady; "do you think that we shall get alive to land?"

Peter Vieck looked at her; she indeed knew him. "Oh yes, gracious lady," said he; "people do not go down so easily: if people only use their eyes there is no danger. Now, also, it begins to clear up."

The lady sighed deeply. It was the well-known gouvernante, who sailed with him to Copenhagen. He seized the reins, the servant dismounted, and Christian took his place. The stranger gentleman was a man of about thirty years; his whole behaviour shewed that he belonged to the higher ranks. Two days before he had driven with his foster-daughter (so he called the young lady) and her governess over to Schönen, when the ice was strong and firm. To-day they were about to return, when the weather suddenly changed, and in the snow-storm they had lost their direction and were driving towards Amack instead of Hveen.

Now again the train set itself in motion.

Again there resounded once more that thrilling, sobbing sound below them; the covering of ice raised itself slowly up, and then slowly sank down again. The horses stood still. Christian prayed to God.

"We are in God's hand," said Peter Vieck. The young girl threw her arm around her foster-father, and clung convulsively to him.

"It is, perhaps, the best for me to dismount," said the gentleman.

"Ah, no!" besought the daughter; "we should die! the ice would break under us!" She tore open her cloak; pale as death, she stared wildly forth; her raven hair slid over her pale cheeks. Christian looked at her: it was indeed Naomi, but he did not venture to speak her name; the surprise made him forget the danger.

Now again bright patches shewed themselves in the grey sky; but behind them, at scarcely a hundred paces' distance, ascended a dark stripe with every kind of strange branching, which extended itself out on all sides. There resounded once more, every now and then, before them, a loud lamenting cry, which seemed to proceed neither from out of the sea nor yet out of the air. People talk a great deal about the sea-cow, which sometimes raises itself with its forefeet out of the water, and sends forth that longing cry in the direction of the land where the animals nearly akin to it graze, and to which it cannot come.

"What is that?" said the strange gentleman, as he gazed keenly into the distance. Peter Vieck was silent.

The ice heaved itself up again, and the snow assumed already here and there a greyish colour from the sea-water which broke through.

"What is that directly before us?" asked Peter Vieck, as he turned the horse about. A stake stood up in the ice. "Here, certainly," said he, "have the fishermen cut an opening, for that seems to me like a warning signal."

"It appears to me as if I saw a house," said the servant.

"We cannot here be upon land," replied Peter Vieck, half aloud.

"Holla!" shouted a voice just before them, and again they heard that cry of distress which they had perceived once already.

Not far from the spot where they had halted there stood a wooden house, which was half buried in snow. Here had the herdsman stopped with his young cattle, which now bellowed in the cold air.

"What sort of an ark is it that you have set up here?" asked Peter Vieck; "are you going to rest here?"

"Yes," replied the cattle-driver; "that is the wisest thing we can do. Here one has land under foot, and the dear God above to watch over us. The best the gentlefolks could do would be to remain here. There, indeed, lies the farm."

With these words he pointed to a building at only a few paces' distance, which resembled a peasant's house.

They were upon that little flat island called Saltholm, of which, in winter, only the highest point stands above water; and which, on account of the excellent hare-hunting, is industriously

visited by sportsmen. In summer, on the contrary, this little island furnishes good pasturage, on which account the people of Amack drive thither their cattle. During the war-time there stood there a small building, which within late years has been increased to a very respectable peasant's-farm, and is inhabited by an entire family.

The herdsman told them of a man who had lived there through the winter, as watch of the island, but now he was not to be seen. Probably he was gone to Amack or Sweden, and had not returned early enough. The house was empty.

Our little caravan halted; the forsaken island was to them a haven of salvation from certain destruction.

Four naked walls, shining with frozen damp, were all that the interior of the house presented. The dwelling-room served also as kitchen. In one corner there stood upon the paved floor a miserable unmade bed, which they soon put away. The room, however repulsive it was, contained a good stock of turf, and Peter Vieck lost no time in making a fire. The cushions of the sledge, which were brought in, made an excellent divan.

Thus was this room not at all unlike a solitary *relais*, in which the travellers over the Simplon find a refuge from snow-storms and tempests. The cold was severe enough for them to imagine themselves on the tops of the mountains; and if the travellers cast a glance through the window they saw the grey snowy air upon the moving ice-masses,

which in strange irregular shapes glided down the stream, and all these resembled the masses of cloud which float along on the mountains.

"I should never have thought," said Peter Vieck, jestingly, "that I should have met with an adventure between Zealand and Schönen, like Albertus Julius! Does the gentleman know the book? it is entitled 'The Wonderful Fates of various Mariners.' I have it in my cabin. Here one cannot die of hunger, so long as there are here cows and calves; nor perish of thirst either, while the snow lies some ells thick. There will either be open sea, and then ships will come by, or else the broken bridge will freeze together again, so that we can drive over it to Amack, and can then get vegetables for our soup, which here we must do without."

The stranger gentleman—the Count, as the gouvernante called him—appeared to be as merry as the lively seaman; and the gouvernante busied herself as much as any of the rest, in making every thing as comfortable as possible. They found two old jugs upon a shelf, which she cleaned in the snow; and these then were used as milking-pail and cooking-vessel. The herdsman brought in fresh milk, and cold meat and two bottles of wine were fetched out of the sledge. The fire blazed and diffused warmth, whilst the window rattled with the wind, and the snow drove in in its circling flight.

Christian was most zealous to lend a helping

hand; he wrapped Naomi, who had not perfectly recovered from her late terror, warmer in cloaks and in the covering of the sledge. She sat there like a marble image, and fixed upon him her large beautiful eyes, which shewed that the strongest fire may be black.

Peter Vieck crouched before the chimney, and nodded to the gouvernante with a friendly look as to an old acquaintance.

"We are better off now," said he, "than we were when we were last together on the sea, even though we had then real water under us. At that time Mamsell looked quite wretched in comparison to what she does now. We are better off! Least of all did I ever think that we should so soon again meet one another upon the sea."

"On land we are not, however, so very far asunder," replied she; "your vessel lies exactly opposite to our window. I see you almost every morning walking on deck, and in the evening I hear your violin."

"So then we are neighbours, are we, in the harbour?" said Peter Vieck.

"Is it your violin that I have heard?" said the Count. "You are indeed a most original performer; they seem to be fantasies that you play. I have been several times your silent auditor."

"Yes, it is my fiddle that you have heard," replied Peter Vieck; "but with the playing of fantasies have I nothing to do. It is that young

fellow there that you have heard. He does not know any one piece regularly; he runs from one into another. It is what I call a Saturday evening dish, which is made up of the fragments of the rest of the week.

"Is it he?" said the Count, and gazed on Christian at the same time with a sort of interest. "There is genius in his performance. You should have chosen the musical profession, my boy," said he, addressing him; "and then, perhaps, you might have made your fortune."

"Yes, perhaps," said Peter Vieck; "but you see, sir, when one has only salt and bread in the house, it avails nothing that one beats one's brains about what roast tastes the best." And then he related in his own way how the boy had come into his service.

"You are really a little adventurer!" said the Count laughing, and nodded kindly to Christian at the same time. Christian's heart beat quicker as the strange, elegant-looking gentleman gazed at him so searchingly; but although the conversation was about himself, he did not dare even to answer one single word. If Naomi would only have said "I know him; we two have played with one another!" but she remained silent, and looked at him with her black eyes.

The supper that they partook was, according to Peter Vieck's opinion, a veritable Michaelmas festival.

The sun descended, and gilded with its red beams the edges of the rent clouds. The view across the Sound had in it something out of the common way. On the side of Zealand, the entire white ice-surface was broken up, and that in the most various directions. The appearance was that of an unpainted map, on which the rivers, the mountains, and the political boundaries, are only indicated by black lines; an extraordinary cracking and a faint movement indicated a change, like that which had already taken place on the Swedish coast. Great blocks of ice were here pressed together, which formed themselves to monstrous glaciers, and then began upon the green, heaving sea, their journey into the northern ocean.

The icy covering also between Saltholm and Amack rent itself away, and drove out into the current.

"There is an animal upon it!" cried Naomi.

It was a poor hare. Distressed, it stood upon the edge of the ice-island, as if it would measure the distance which separated it from the firm land. But farther and farther it was carried from the shore; it was its death-ship upon which it was sailing.

"How it leaps in order to reach the land!" said Naomi: "how droll it is to see it!" In safety herself, she smiled at the danger of the poor creature, like the Spanish lady who leans over the balustrade of the arena.

In the house, in the meantime, every thing was arranged in the best manner for the night. Naomi and the gouvernante had each of them a cushion for a bed. The men were obliged to be contented with things as they could get them. The herdsman remained outside, where he bedded himself warmly among his cows; and drawing his cap over his eyes dreamed royally, like Pharaoh, about fat and lean kine. The Count returned from an evening ramble. All were soon asleep, excepting Christian, whose duty it was to mind the fire that it might not go out.

"Will not you also go to sleep, my boy?" asked the Count.

"I cannot," replied he, still gazing fixedly at the pictures which his fancy created for him out of the hot ashes. Thus had the house burned, when Naomi was carried out of the window! Thus had the poplar and the stork's nest blazed on that night! He remembered still every circumstance, as if it had happened only yesterday; and Naomi had so entirely forgotten the whole! She had not betrayed by a single word that they were known to each other! And yet their eyes met again, as at the time when they had played together. "Dost thou no longer know me?" he would have said, as she bade him good night, but the words died upon his lips.—And yet she knew him; her thoughts had dwelt upon all the little occurrences which he so vividly

recalled! She remembered very well that they sat one by another upon the tall stone-steps, and that he had brought to her there leaves and flowers, and had kissed her mouth and cheeks. But now he was a poor sailor-boy.

The Count drew nearer to him.

"And so, then, it is you who, in an evening, play in the dark cabin! Which do you like best, sea-service or music?"

"Music," replied Christian, with sparkling eyes.

"Very good! And if you are possessed of genius you will work yourself upwards. Do not grieve that you are a poor boy!—most great artists have been so too! But do not become proud when you may, perhaps, ascend up to their height. When thousands applaud you, you may easily become intoxicated. Certainly!" added he then, in a graver tone, "a man must be possessed of great genius in order to raise himself out of the condition of poverty to honour and renown, and he has also much to learn."

"Ah, I would do every thing!" exclaimed Christian; "every thing which might be required from me!"

The conversation seemed to amuse the Count. He told Christian about distinguished artists; how hard their lot had often been, and how so many of them had never been happy in their life, and had never had the pleasure of seeing their talents acknowledged. Christian listened, and it

seemed to him as if his own fate stood before his eyes.

"Ah, dear sir," said he, and the tears came into his eyes, "I have nobody in the whole city who can help me. Yet so gladly as I would learn music! Oh, I would think night and day upon that which people would tell me!" And he related to the Count about his home, and described to him his wholly helpless condition.

The Count looked compassionately on him, and Christian pressed the hand of the kind gentleman to his lips, wetted it with his tears, and besought him to let him be his servant. He would clean his boots and shoes, run errands for him, or whatever else it might be, if he would only assist him, so that he might be able to learn what was necessary, that, at length, he might become such an artist as those of whom he had told him.

"Yet, my good youth," said the Count, "that is not so easy as you fancy it to be. Besides this, you must also be possessed of a great deal of genius; and whether that is the case or no, time can only prove. YOU MUST NEVER FORGET THAT YOU ARE A POOR CHILD! If you are possessed of real genius it will make for itself a track, though you may have to buffet about on the sea for yet another long year. *Per aspera ad astra!* Adversity purifies. If it be so that any thing is to come out of you, a higher Power will help you; that you may of a surety believe! I, alas! can do nothing for you; I have so many others to care for."

With these words he drew out his purse and gave the boy a silver dollar, repeating at the same time the consoling assurance that real talent always made for itself a way. He then folded his cloak more closely about him, and leaned his head on the wall in order to sleep.

Those were Icarus-wings which he fixed upon the shoulders of Genius—boldly formed wings; but they were of lead. His words, however, were the old theme, which from generation to generation has sounded in the ears of genius, and which will yet, for centuries to come, be variously sounded as long as the world remains the same as that which gave the poison-cup to Socrates and to Christ the crown of thorns.

It was not until towards morning that Christian fell into a sleep, but Peter Vieck soon awoke him again by the announcement that the wind had turned about, that the ice was again frozen together, and that they must avail themselves of the favourable moment to reach the island Amack. The sledge was harnessed, and all was put in order for their departure. The herdsman drove on his cattle in advance, because wherever the heavy-footed animals could go the ice would be able to support the light sledge with the gouvernante and Naomi.

The procession set out. The ice cracked around them. They were often obliged to make a circuit, to escape the gaping chasms; in

other places the water stood upon the ice, and this they had to ford. Naomi closed her eyes for terror.

"We are sinking!" said she to Christian, who was placed behind on the sledge.

"Oh, no! God will not permit us to die!" replied he.

The sledge rolled several times here and there; the ice moved up and down, and the horses dashed the water high in the air with their hoofs. Naomi seized Christian's arm and endeavoured to hold herself firmly against him; the gouvernante leaned against the other side of the sledge. At length they gained the firmer ice.

"Now we are again upon the new road," said Peter Vieck; "there will not be an elegy written about us, unless it be that which I myself should make; yet that is not my own hand-work. I have only once made an epitaph on a dear friend, and that stands in Holm churchyard, and runs shortly thus:

'1801, stood he, and remained standing;
1807, lay he, and remained lying.'"

"Dost thou, then, no longer remember me?" asked Christian from Naomi, as they approached ever nearer to the church of Amack, where they would have to separate.

"Yes!" replied she, in a voice as low as that in which her question was asked: "thou camest into the saloon on my birthday!"

"But in Svendborg?" asked he again.

"Yes, there!" said she; "yes, I remember that very well: that is a long time ago!"

She turned herself quickly to the gouvernante. "We shall now be soon on land! You do not talk to me! Ha! how cold it is though!" She hid her face in her shawl.

Christian dismounted and walked behind the sledge. Without being able to explain to himself the reason of it, he felt himself deeply humiliated. Willingly would he have laid himself down to sleep here on the ice, like the Seven Sleepers, to slumber for many years.

They now saw people on the coast, and soon every danger and all fear was over.

They halted. The Count offered Peter Vieck money.

"No, sir," said the captain, "you were not in my vessel. Had there been any thing to pay, I and the lad have had its worth, in the honour of being in such high company."

The gouvernante offered her hand to the lively captain, and Naomi followed her example and that of the Count. Christian stood silently, with his hat in his hand, and saw his playfellow roll elegantly away into the world.

"We travel behind on our boot-soles," said Peter Vieck.

CHAPTER II.

"—Wir waren Kinder
Zwei Kinder, klein und froh:
—Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele
Und alles rollt vorbei."

HEINE.

IT is only of late years that our eyes have become intimate with the beautiful view of the horse in his natural beauty upon the race-ground. We have presented to us in this, a picture of the wild flight of these animals through the deserts. One of the most striking descriptions of this creature in his natural condition is given us by Washington Irving, in his tour through the Prairies. He leads us through the dark primeval forests where wild vines throw themselves from tree to tree, and form fences of many miles long; from these we gaze across the immense plains, upon which the grass waves like the billows of the sea, and the wild horses career in great hordes over the plain with flying manes, fiery eyes, and the

boldest action. The wish that they should for ever remain in this condition of wildness forces itself upon the mind. But the hunter throws his noose around the proud, fine creature, and it lifts itself with its whole strength to tear itself loose; yet the stronger hand holds it fast: the first lash of the whip falls upon the back of the captive animal, and, foaming and steaming, it strives yet once more with its whole strength to release itself: but in vain! It throws itself as if dead upon the earth; a new blow of the whip falls, patiently it stands up, and, bound with cords, follows the pack-horse. The king of the desert is now become a slave.

There is something melancholy in this occurrence. From the wild steed of the desert to the miserable beast of burden, which crawls wearily along with the peasant's cart, there is a great leap. But yet the race is the same—the most brilliant beginning may be followed by such an end. What animal has, in the changes of his fate, so much in common with man as the horse? The most beautiful horse that once bore a king, which was caressed by his all-powerful right hand and was tended with the utmost care, sank through some little fault to be the horse of a soldier, and ended as a wretched hack fastened to the cart of the executioner.

Penetrated by such contemplations, our pensive state of feeling is excited almost to mutiny

when we go in clear frosty weather, and by moonlight, when the earth is covered with firm and glittering snow, into the great square in Copenhagen, which bears the name of the King's Market. Round about the equestrian statue of the king, where the colossal bronze figures are seated, drive along crowds of hired sledges. Street-boys and people of the very lowest class pay here their penny that they may twice drive round the Horse, as they call the monument. These sledges have a wretched appearance, but yet much more wretched is the horse that draws them. If the hackney-coachman can no longer use his horse to draw a heavy carriage, he harnesses it to a sledge, and now the whip drives on the half-starved beast, until bathed in sweat it returns back and stands in the bitterest cold to rest, until a new driver sets it in motion. Not unfrequently it here ends its life of torment, and that is certainly the best happiness which one can wish for the poor animal.

It was in the evening when these penny sledges were driving about, the bells ringing, the whips cracking, and the cry of exultation resounding through the King's new Market-place. Most of the foot-passengers avoided the tumultuous pleasures of the people; only a very few ventured to go across the wild course, which ran in circles and ellipses around the monument. To the last number belonged a gentleman in a large blue cloak; it was the Count. He had already, without accident,

passed several sledges; but now came another, in which sat two sailors and a ship-boy, and which drove up directly towards him. He stopped, in order to let the wild men drive past him; the horse came so close upon him as to sprinkle him over with its foam; it then fell suddenly to the earth, groaned a few times, opened wide its eyes, and lay dead on the spot. People crowded round the sledge; the hackney-coachmen came in with their whips.

"It was Oddity which laid him down there to rest!" said they; "it's all up with him now."

The name "Oddity" called a past time back to the Count's remembrance. In lively recollection stood before him the old family-seat, where his mother was an enthusiast for the novels of Lafontaine. The beautiful foal was therefore called after the Oddity, and the young Count received it on his birthday as a present. It was a proud, a glorious animal! When the Count rode him through the streets, all the people in Svendborg came to their windows, and horse and rider won equally great applause. The handsome Sara, the Jew's daughter, clapped her beautiful hands; and the animal was very fond of the gouvernante — so was she called at the Hall. It neighed when it was caressed by her; but the rider was fonder still of the handsome gouvernante, and for that reason she was obliged to leave the Hall. That was a very sad history! When the young Count after-

wards travelled abroad, the fortunate star of "Oddity" began to descend; he was sold at St. Knud's fair.

Could it, must it not, be the self-same animal which here, famished and tortured to death, lay before him? All these thoughts were excited, as by a spark of remembrance, in the Count's soul, at the mention of the horse's name! This name was the only thing which was remaining to him out of happier days. He stayed longer in the crowd than he otherwise would have done, and scarcely remarked the misfortune which had happened so near to him. The ship-boy who had been seated in the sledge had certainly been injured in the fall; he was carried into the house of a surgeon.

We will leave this cold evening-scene, and, with the Count, enter his comfortable house, which lies directly opposite to Peter Vieck's ship, with its snow-covered cordage. Warm air laden with perfume streamed out as he entered the room, which was illumined with wax-lights in silver candlesticks, and the floor of which was covered with soft, elastic carpets. Pictures by Juul and Gebauer adorned the walls; two plaster-of-Paris figures—the one the dying gladiator, the other the Roman boy taking a thorn out of his foot—stood one on each side of the elegant bookcase, in which only elegant authors found place; that is to say, Goëthe, Racine, Swift—not a

single Danish book. Similar show-libraries we often find in the apartments of our so-called higher ranks; they are meant to indicate taste, yet the first conversation not unfrequently betrays something wholly different. That near to them, also, a row of annuals was arranged, did not make the most advantageous impression. The entrance into the next room was not by a door; it was hung with curtains in an oriental manner, which were drawn aside. This room was smaller; twining plants hung down from the pyramids between the damask curtains, and hyacinths of all colours sent forth their odour. At the tea-table, at which the gouvernante presided, sat Naomi and an elderly gentleman; it was a chamberlain. Thorwaldsen, at that time, had began to obtain a European celebrity; the chamberlain spoke about it.

"I knew him," said he, "when I was advanced to Kammerjunker; then he was nobody. But he is possessed of genius, and the newspapers speak of him: yes, by Heaven! I read his name in the *Journal des Débats!* The man gets *célèbre*, but to the king's table he never can come; he is not a states-counsellor!"

Upon a side-table lay fine copperplate engravings and landscapes; they were nearly all Italian scenes which the Count had visited.

"*Magnifique! magnifique!*" cried the chamberlain. "That is Genoa! There I was seven-and-

twenty years ago. There are beautiful ladies there! And in Bologna!—Ah, yes! the Bolognese ladies are charming! What eyes!"——

The gouvernante cast down hers. The chamberlain said, half aloud, "Glorious ladies! it is for them that we travel in foreign countries!"

The Count now related how very nearly he had been run over this evening, and how a poor lad certainly had met with an injury,—"that little musical genius," added he.

"He has given a concert here, in this house," said Naomi, smiling. "The servants allowed him to come to them; he played, and the people applauded: but the coachman, Hans, was witty, and hung an onion round his neck as an order. That he thought was ridiculing him, and the tears came into his eyes. With that came Elise, told the gouvernante, and all was restored again to dutiful respect."

"The poor boy!" said the Count; "now they will take him to the hospital."

"That will not be the case, Count," said the gouvernante, "because I can now hear him playing. It is exactly the same music as we are accustomed to hear."

A servant was called.

"Go and inquire who it is that we hear playing; and ask, also, if the little ship-boy received any injury in the sledging?"

The servant soon returned with the intelligence

that the boy had sprained his leg by the overturning of the sledge, but was soon again restored, and now waited commands with his fiddle before the Count's door.

"Nay, that was not my meaning!" said the Count. "It is well, however, that he has received no injury."

"Shall we not see the little work of art?" said the chamberlain. "Miss Naomi says, with her beautiful eyes, that she will encourage the young artist."

The Count smiled, and a moment afterwards, Christian, who had modestly taken off his shoes, stood in his stockings, holding his fiddle on his back, in the brilliantly lighted apartment. How warm and fragrant, how rich and glorious, was every thing which he saw here! Flowers and Naomi were here, as in the Jew's garden, when he crept in through the hole in the wall. She would hear him play! He trembled with delight!

At that moment an elegant gentleman, of a tall, thin figure, and severe bearing, entered the room. He looked down upon Christian with a dark expression, as if he would ask, "What has that poor boy to do here?"

"That is a little musical genius," said the Count; and now related to the stranger gentleman that which had this evening occurred, and the acquaintance with the boy.

The stranger looked yet more sternly at him,

whilst the Count cut short the affair by saying that he would hear him another time. Again a silver dollar was put into his hand, but, only half made happy by it, he left the magnificent apartment.

The servant led him into the maid-servants' room, and now, as yesterday, he must again play before the domestics. All kinds of witticisms were passed off against him, but yet his vanity was flattered too, and here also he received money. Very much pleased, he descended the steps. The grave gentleman with the severe countenance met him.

"They really are making fun of thee!" was all that he said, and these words fell like poison into Christian's cup of joy.

On board, Peter Vieck received him with a wrathful countenance.

"Where, in the name of all the devils, are you flying about?" asked he. "Are you become city-musician? Down there below, in the little room, you can fiddle, but not before the lick-spittles, else it will go with a puff! Do you understand Peter Vieck?"

Silent and dejected the boy stole below, down to his little cabin.

CHAPTER III.

Blum. — "Nun ist sie da?
Brand.—Die Feenkönigin — nun ja, die Feenkönigin.'
Das leidende Weib.

"Prie! pour les vierges violées,
Pour le prisonnier dans sa tour,
Pour les femmes échevelées
Qui vendent le doux nom d'amour!"
VICTOR HUGO.

EXTREMES resemble the points of a circle which lie the widest one from another.

By the grave of one dear to us, we believe most certainly on immortality.

Precisely at the moment when reality laid a destroying hand on all Christian's hopes, his faith grew with every passing day. Every artist of whom the Count had told him on Saltholm haunted his brain.

He had this winter read two books, Albertus Julius and the Old Testament. Both of them were the words of infallible truth, and in both of them was the struggle against difficulties re-

warded by happy consequences. Albertus Julius found happiness upon his rocky island; the biblical history, which was, indeed, the word of the Lord, gave him the same consolation. The shepherd-boy, the poor David, was the king of Israel; Job received again his health; the wicked Haman came to the gallows, whilst Esther bore the golden crown on her head by the side of her royal lord.

"True genius always makes for itself a way!" had the Count said. "Good God!" prayed Christian, with childish mind, "give to me true genius! I will only make use of it for Thy honour."

For hours would he gaze in the star-bright evenings, full of devotion and confidence, to the brilliant lights in heaven. The astrologers believed that the stars of heaven had an influence upon the fate of men. This faith is now lost, and it is now only the star upon the human breast which is possessed of such a power. Christian hoped for help from both of them, from the stars there above and from the star upon the Count's breast, which shone just as splendidly. But, ah! no help came.

One evening he sat thus sunk in thought in his dark cabin until he slept. He then dreamed of the good lady Steffen-Margaret, who is now wholly forgotten by us. It seemed to him as if she led him by the hand over a dry desert, in

which the earth was rent into great chasms, so that they were, at every step, in danger of falling in. They entered into a beautiful, blooming garden, where all was music and pure delight; and she gave him a silver fiddle. As he drew the bow across the strings it overpowered all other instruments; the loud sound seemed to awaken him, and he found consolation and peace of mind in his dream. She whose image the Count had dispossessed, now stood like a good angel before his soul. It is true that she had not, like the Count, given him money, but, more friendly still, she had extended to him her hand, and had looked kindly into his eyes. He was most strangely affected, as he heard at that same moment a voice on the cabin steps, which was just like hers. She, perhaps, would already present herself as a powerful fairy to conduct him to happiness. He would have rushed towards her, but she came not alone; a sailor accompanied her, and inquired aloud, on entering, if there were any one there. But a strange feeling of distress fettered Christian's tongue, and he remained silent.

"What have you got to say to me?" asked the sailor.

"It depends upon you," replied she, "whether body and soul shall go to eternal perdition."

"Are you all at once become a saint?" asked the seaman, smiling.

"I must tell you every thing which I have

upon my mind," said she, in a broken voice. Christian listened attentively, for now he thought certainly that she was about to speak of himself.

We will not turn our ear from the conversation of these two, who believed themselves to be alone, nor is there any need that we should do so. When we see in our garden-walks one of those large frogs of which the repulsive exterior is disgusting to us, we draw back with abhorrence from the ugly animal; but if this same creature be pursued by an enemy, and utters its monotonous cry of distress, our repugnance is changed into compassion. How much stronger, then, must this sentiment be when the creature is one of our own species! Do not turn thine eyes away, because I will not conduct thee into a row of dancing odalisks in the shadow of the palm-trees, by the swelling shores of the Ganges, to shew thee the image of such a fellow-being. Do not turn thine eyes away because I lead thee into the narrow cabin of a trading-vessel, not into the splendid court where counts and dukes long after one glance from the royal mistress. It is crime in its lowest estate, because poverty is its lot, that I will present to thee. Not in gold and silver shalt thou see it, but in its misery; see how it resembles the basilisk, which sees itself in the glass and rends every nerve. Most tragical is it to see the human nature humiliated to that of the beast, and how it; for the first time in its downward course, becomes

aware that it was once the image of God upon earth. Hail to thee who art possessed of a home, who hast never been forsaken by Modesty! Thus happy was not this poor being!

What poison can the sweet words of man distil into the heart of woman! Had you, twelve years ago, seen the slender maiden of sixteen with her eyes beaming with pure life-enjoyment, you would have thought on Semele—on her who waited for Jupiter in all his glory, and when the beloved one appeared, not as a sun to warm but as a consuming fire, she became ashes in his arms—the image of beauty was dust and earth!

We believe no longer in ghosts; we believe no longer that the dead in their white garments appear to the living at the hour of midnight. We see them yet in the great cities. By moonlight, when the cold north wind passes over the snow, and we wrap ourselves closer in our cloaks, we see white-garmented female beings in light summer-dresses, beckoning, float past us. The poisonous atmosphere of the grave breathes from these figures: trust not the roses on their cheeks, for the death's head is painted; their smiles are the smiles of despair or of intoxication. They are dead, are more horribly dead than our deceased ones. The soul is interred; the bodies go like evil spirits thither and thither, seeking for human blood like the vampire, that they may nourish themselves thereby. They therefore hang even

upon the poorest man, upon the coarsest churl, on those from whom even men draw back. They are horrible, unhappy ghosts, which do not descend into their graves with the morning twilight. No, for then they are followed home by the dreams of despair, which sit like nightmares on their breasts and sing to them of the scorn of men, and of a better life here on earth—and tears stream down the painted cheeks. To chase away the dreams they seize upon the cup, and the poisoned stamp of death stands the next night, when they go forth, yet more deeply impressed on their countenances.

"Save me! I am yet only half dead! There are moments in which I still feel that I have yet a soul living within me!" is oftentimes the cry of such an unhappy being; but every one flies away horrified who hears the voice out of the grave, and she, the half-dead one, has no longer strength to throw from her the coffin-lid of her circumstances and the heavy earth of sin.

"Save me!" was also the first word which Christian heard from her lips in the cabin; she whom he had regarded as a rich and noble lady, she whom we know as one of those night-wanderers. "I am sunk in shame!" said she. "No one esteems me—I no longer esteem myself; therefore, save me, Sören! I have honestly divided my money with you; I yet am possessed of forty dollars. Marry me, and take me away out of

this woe, and out of this misery! Take me to a place where nobody will know me, where you may not be ashamed of me! I will work for you like a slave, till the blood comes out at my finger-ends. Oh, take me away with you! In a year's time it may be too late."

"Should I take you to my old father and mother?" said the sailor.

"I will kiss the dust from their feet; they may beat me, and I will bear it without a murmur—will patiently bear every blow! I am already old, that I know—I shall soon be eight-and-twenty: but it is an act of mercy which I beseech from you. If you will not do it, nobody else will; and then I must drink, drink so much till my brain reels, and I thus forget how unfortunate I have made myself!"

"Is that the very important thing that you have got to tell me?" remarked the sailor, with a cold indifference.

Her tears, her sighs, and her words of despair sunk deep into Christian's heart. A visionary image vanished, and with its vanishing he saw the dark side of a naked reality.

He found himself again alone.

A few days after this the ice had to be hewn away from the channel. Christian and the sailor struck their axes deeply into the firm ice, so that it broke into great pieces. Something white hung fast to the ice in the opening; the sailor enlarged

the opening, and then a female corpse presented itself, dressed in white as for a ball. She had amber beads round her neck, gold ear-rings, and she held her hands closely folded against her breast as if for prayer. It was Steffen-Margaret.

Christian could not forget the sight; it was the last picture to the history of that evening in the cabin. What had not his godfather taught him the last time that they were together in Svendborg! "Enjoy the pleasures of life whilst you can do so, that you may not have to weep when your head is grey because you have no sins! Better is it to have enjoyed life too much, than afterwards to sigh in solitude because one has not enjoyed whilst one was able to do so."

He now understood the demon-like sentiment of these words, attached himself more closely to his God, and prayed "Deliver us from evil!"

On the evening after her visit to the sailor she had thrown herself under the ice, in the opening made around the ship. The consuming fire of despair which burned in her bosom had been extinguished by the cold flood.

Christian no longer put confidence in his dreams; because the world had no fairies as in his fairy-tales.

CHAPTER IV.

"Leb' wohl!—ich wand're von hier!
Vergebens! Es regt sich keine Gardine!
Sie liegt noch und schläft und träumet von mir!"

HEINE.

THE light breaks through the thick leaves of the flower in all colours which we know, now red, now blue, and now in other shades. With equal power shines God in all things which are created; like light into the flower beams His Almighty power from the whole creation. The whole is a miraculous work like each single portion, but we are accustomed to it, and therefore we find it quite common. Imaginary stories are only unnatural from the breaking of the thread, from the want of that wise arrangement which we have daily before our eyes in the great divine story in which we ourselves live and act.

"It does not go on here in the world as it does in the tales which people have told one!" sighed Christian. "Here there are no powerful fairies!"

But here there is a God, who is more powerful than all fairies. Every thing which surrounds us testifies of His wisdom,—that which dwells within us of His goodness.

"In about fourteen days," said Peter Vieck, "we will again get the Lucie under way! She has enjoyed winter-pleasure enough in Copenhagen!"

They were to make the voyage back to Svendborg; it was now the first of March. Christian felt himself troubled at the thought of home; the remembrance of it was always to him as if he had had a hateful dream. He thought that he must remain in Copenhagen; he believed that here fortune at length would be favourable to him.

"If I were to get on shore and into the crowd in the streets how could they ever find me? I must do so on the day before we sail, and then they will not have time to seek after me. But then, who will there be to care for me? Yet people will not let me die of hunger if I am quite forlorn, and that the dear God will not quite permit!"

Whilst this idea was maturing itself more and more in his soul, he felt at the same time gnawing pangs of conscience on account of the ingratitude which, by this conduct, he should shew towards Peter Vieck, who had been always so kind and friendly towards him. This feeling of

guilt urged him to be still more zealous in his service in order to please him.

"Perhaps the Count only waits for my taking such a step," thought he to himself, "that he may convince himself how great is my desire for music! If I only take it then he will help me." This thought was a weighty and conclusive argument, and thus at length he was satisfied with his resolve of leaving the ship the night before they set sail, and of resigning all the rest into the hands of the dear God.

The last afternoon was now come in which the ship had yet to lie in harbour. Christian stood by the anchor and looked towards the house in which Naomi lived. The most beautiful spring flowers filled the windows. The magnificent growth of South Africa could not appear in a richer variety of colouring than did these flowers to our little seaman. In the midst of his poverty, on the eve of becoming even yet more forlorn than he already was, he yet dreamed of the splendour with which he was to decorate his castle when he had become rich; how it should all be, like that before him, adorned with beautiful flowers; and Naomi, in gold and silk, should adorn the glory of all. He then again thought on Peter Vieck, and that this was the last evening on which they were to be together. This thought lay like a stone upon his heart.

"Is it with you as it is with the hens, that

you have got the pip?" asked Peter Vieck; "you will soon now get back to Svendborg, and Lucie will receive you joyfully. You may well be fond of her."

"Yes, very well!" said Christian, and the state of excitement in which he was filled his eyes with tears.

"What the devil are you now crying again about?" asked Peter Vieck in amazement. "You have at last shipped salt-water; I cannot have you with me on board,—I have often enough thought so."

Christian became burning hot. To be sure he was thinking about leaving Peter Vieck, but that Peter should withdraw his hand from him was an idea that had never occurred to him. Peter Vieck's words, therefore, extremely shocked him.

"I am not going to throw you overboard," said Peter Vieck, drawing the boy kindly towards him; "you are a good youth, I have a great affection for you; but for the sea you are good for nothing,—that I have seen long enough."

Christian wished that he was able to contradict the captain.

"Now, properly, you ought to have a good trimming," continued Peter Vieck; "for I have very well deserved that you should have told me what you had in your mind. I have long wished to talk with you about it, but something

or other always came in the way. Now you shall get as good as you deserve."

Did Peter Vieck know all? did he know that Christian had the intention of leaving the vessel this night? The sinner with the heavy conscience cast down his eyes.

"That night when we were set fast on Saltholm," continued Peter Vieck, "when you sat musing over the fire and talked with the Count about what sort of a fine fellow you would like to be, Peter Vieck was not asleep, although he lay with his eyes closed. I heard also all the stuff that he crammed your head with, and which you were foolish enough to believe. I heard also how you made your confession, and at last how you supplicated. That was down-right simple of you, but at that time I determined to release you. I cannot make use of you, yet I will not therefore let you drive before the stream. Neither shall you go to your parents—that's true. I will put you as an apprentice to Mr. Knepus in Odense: he is a man who understands music, and from him you will learn what is right. Then we shall see what you are good for."

Christian pressed his hand.

"If you only will not grow melancholy!" said Peter Vieck. "If any thing good comes out of you it will heartily please me, but as a sailor you are good for nothing."

Christian was ready to cry when he thought

on that which he had been about to do this very night; it lay heavy on his heart, but he did not dare to confess his fault. He was to learn music, to live for music! His highest wish was fulfilled, and the help came from Peter Vieck, from him to whom he had never expressed it! He kneeled down in the dark corner of the cabin and thanked the dear, good God, for his happiness.

At break of day the cable rolled along the bulwarks and the Lucie was got out of the harbour. Christian glanced up joyfully, and yet pensively, towards Naomi's windows. "To-day up there they will talk about nothing else than that we are no longer lying in harbour," thought he.—"Poor Steffen-Margaret, who would so willingly have sailed with us!"

The ship glided slowly out of the harbour.

"Our captain has sailed," said the gouvernante, as she looked out of the window. "There lies another vessel in his place, a ship from Bornholm with clocks."

"That is very good," answered Naomi; "then the ship-boy is away also. He was so troublesome and conceited! I saw him as a child, his parents lived near us, and one day he played with me. That is now many years ago, and yet he rushed directly into our room. I fancy, certainly, that he is not quite right in his head. You cannot think how he tormented me on the drive over the ice! it really grieved me that I was

obliged to seem so unkind to him, but I could not do otherwise."

"It would be, however, very interesting if he really did possess a great talent for music, and found an opportunity of cultivating it. Klaus Schall, who composed the beautiful music to 'Blue-beard,' was a poor boy when he got a place in the dancing-school at the theatre; he thus became a dancer, and is now one of the most celebrated composers."

"That sounds just like a novel," said Naomi; "but I like it a deal better when the heroes at the end of the story remain unfortunate: that is a deal more interesting!"

CHAPTER V.

"Og er det ikke smukt, saa er det ganske sandt."

VESSEL.

WE now must betake ourselves to Odense, the capital of Funen, which at that time had a much stronger character of simplicity than now. There were here in those days many old houses with thick walls; bas-reliefs above the windows, massy balustrades to the steps, which were furnished with clumsy copper roofs nailed fast to the walls. Upon one house were to be seen the twelve apostles carved in wood, on another, characteristic heads with out-stretched tongues, which terminated the timbers. On the contrary, the city at that time wanted that excellent means of preventing the return of the dead, and securing themselves from hobgoblins, which was reserved for the discovery of a later time. Nowadays, if one goes into the burial-ground of St. Knud's Church one cannot truly exclaim with the poet,

"The grass waves lightly o'er these graves,"

because all the graves here are flagged,—flagged as completely as the streets of the city. The survivors, who retain a careful memory of their dead, weed out every blade of grass which makes its appearance between the well-laid stones.

As before said, Odense was not possessed of this remarkable feature in the year 1816, when we visited the city in the company of Christian; the old appearance of things was as yet unchanged. The old antique balconies looked quite romantic with their citizen-ladies; the guilds, when they changed their herbergs, had their shields borne in procession through the city, with a harlequin at their head; and on Easter morning the people went still upon the Nuns Hill to see the sun dance, because Christ had arisen from the grave. It almost always happened, to be sure, that then a cloud covered the sun and the dancing was not to be seen, yet every one believed in his heart that it had danced behind the cloud.

One of the smallest churches in Odense was that of St. John, and yet this is the one of which the people say that the sibyl who visited King Solomon prophesied that it would some time sink when it was filled with people. A gallery connects the church with the castle, to the garden of which the churchyard adjoins; close beside the latter lie several houses, in one of which dwelt Mr. Knepüs.

A reddish-brown suit, consisting of breeches,

waistcoat, and coat, with great metal buttons, was his every-day apparel; to which a wig with a pig-tail, a little three-cornered hat, and a walking-stick with a magnificent head of amber, furnished the ornamental part. Odense possessed at that time many examples of this kind of original figures belonging to a bygone century. Mr. Knepus did not permit his clothes to be purified by beating and brushing—they suffered enough without that, said he; and the first visit made us acquainted with his appearance in this respect.

It was in the last days of April when Christian, with his little bundle under his arm, and the letter of introduction from Peter Vieck in his hand, stood upon two stone-steps and knocked with the iron knocker upon the ever-closed door.

A thin lady, with fluttering and somewhat dirty cap-ribands, opened the door. That was Mrs. Knepus.

"You are, probably, Mr. Peter Vieck's foster-son?" said she, welcoming him, pressed his hand, and conducted him amid a torrent of words through the long passage, which was not very cleanly swept, but which yet was strewn with fresh sand. Two old gravestones, which, on the breaking up of the church of the Grey Brothers, had been purchased together with several monumental tablets, ornamented the naked walls, and one did not rightly know whether here one was in a chapel or in a dwelling-house.

"We lead a very quiet life here," said the lady; "the shooting-club and the king's birth-day are the only two festivals in which Knepus takes any part. He amuses himself, as you will see, in his own way."

With this the man himself made his appearance. He wore a dirty, yellow night-cap on his bald, pointed head, and a somewhat narrow over-coat, which did the duty of a sleeping-coat, for it was bound round the waist with a leathern belt. A pair of drawers completed the whole costume of the shrivelled legs.

The married couple made use of the pronoun *you* in addressing each other.

Mrs. Knepus had prepared the garret which looked towards the castle-garden for Christian. To be sure this was the library and the store-room of the house; but people must manage as well as they could, and it would not do to bring him down into the lower story where the lady herself slept. He, therefore, must have one of the garrets, whilst Mr. Knepus himself had the other.

Already at eight o'clock, seeing it was yet winter, Mr. Knepus went to bed in order to be up early in the morning. Mrs. Knepus and the maid-servant were a quarter of an hour later. Christian, so early as the first evening, was initiated into the peculiarities of the family.

The walls of one room were pasted over with

caricatures, and round about hung all kinds of instruments. Upon a shelf, playthings were hung; but the child for which these were intended, Mr. Knepus himself, lay in bed. Upon a table before him steamed a spirit-lamp, with a little punch-bowl. The child, from time to time, took a draught and looked through a perspective-glass. The servant changed the pictures when Mr. Knepus nodded with his head, and his wife read aloud to him in one of the German classics. These Mr. Knepus called his "childish hours," and he had them every evening. As soon as he sunk his head weariedly upon the pillow, and returned no answer to the question of his wife, "Art thou sleeping, my little lamb?" she and the servant glided softly out of the room and were their own masters.

Thus also now lay Mr. Knepus in his bed, and as the company this evening was so numerous he proposed a game at forfeits, in which he in bed, and the rest out of it, could take part; and which, according to his opinion, must be uncommonly amusing. Christian was sentenced to give Mrs. Knepus a kiss under the great carpet, which her husband threw over her. The good Christian closed his eyes and commended himself to God. At length he received a glass of punch, and in the end went to his room in the most cheerful state of mind. His chamber was a low little room under the steep roof, which, yet

well furnished, strongly reminded him of Peter Vieck's cabin. The greater part of the room was occupied as a great repository, in which were arranged the collected works of Wieland, Schulzen's "Handbook of Medicine," and the remainder entirely musical works. An ancient gravestone, that had its origin also in the now disappeared convent of the Grey Brothers, stood with all its saintly images at the foot of his somewhat short bedstead, composed of an old arm-chair and a kneading-trough. Behind the gravestone hung a smoked salmon and several pounds of candles; just beside stood a butter-cask: two chairs and a table completed the whole of his chamber-furniture.

"Now I have arranged every thing quite conveniently," said Mrs. Knepus, as she conducted the young inmate to his chamber. In the table-drawer you can keep your clean linen; and here, under your bed, is a knapsack in which you can put your dirty things; because order must rule in every thing. Mr. Knepus goes, to be sure, always below to the pump to wash himself; but a young man like you shall have every thing as it ought to be. Here you have a beer-bottle with water; you can, perhaps, pour the water over your hands out of the window when you wash yourself: when opportunity occurs we will buy a wash-basin. Our looking-glasses are too big for this room; you must manage with

this box—there is a very pretty looking-glass in the lid. About six your coffee will be sent to you in bed; you must not get up earlier.

Christian was now alone in his new home: he felt himself tranquil, and was happy to be now on the way to his fortune. He opened his window, and looked in the clear moonlight over the little court in the castle-garden. Between the thick old trees there lay a green lawn, amid which was a little lake. Two swans floated upon the water and bowed their long necks over their backs. All was solemnly still; the moon shone upon the little lake in which the swans floated. Christian looked at them, he thought of all that he had lived through, and the world appeared to be all at once like an entire romance; the swans upon the water were the fairies of the solitude, who knew of his happiness and of his gratitude.

From the following morning Christian's time was divided in the very wisest manner. Out of the house he was to enjoy the usual school instruction, in common with several other boys; but at home he studied Türk's "Short Advice to the Thoroughbass-player." "Order must rule in every thing," said Mr. Knepus, and, according to his notion, order governed his whole house. He went only at certain hours to his beloved helpmate, and then she was always knitting, spinning, or sewing very industriously, that is to say, as

long as he was there; as soon, however, as the few minutes of his visit were past, the needle rested, so did the knitting and the spinning. A poor woman prepared the yarn which Mrs. Knepus exhibited as her house-industry; but why should not poverty enjoy the advantage? Why should she make her own life so miserable? She then read romances out of the two circulating libraries of the city, and followed the advance of literature as well as she could in a provincial town.

Christian was now in full activity; and it was part of his duty also to attend his principal when he went out a-fishing, and be helpful to his wife to lay straws before the door. If the lady saw afterwards that the straws were disarranged, then she knew that her maid-servant had been to the dance. Up in her own chamber she had an old pianoforte, on the inner side of whose lid were pasted pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses that danced to the sound of flutes and shawms. Ah, how gladly would he have played, only with one hand, a lively air upon it! But the choral notes presented to him their great heads and cried incessantly to him, like Mr. Knepus, "Always slow! nicely slow!" Bach and Handel, names which he had never before heard, now sounded continually as musical saints before his ears. Oh, what a deal was there yet to hear and to learn!

In the month of June occurred that one festival in which Mr. Knepus was accustomed to take part. It was the so-called shooting-club—a festivity which, even until the present day, has maintained all its peculiarities. In the early morning-hour marched the honourable body of citizens, with Turkish music at their head, out of the city to the shooting-ground. Triumphal arches adorned the whole way, and the western gate was ornamented with garlands and inscriptions. All schools, all workshops make this a holyday; and when, in the evening, the train re-enters the city, the windows of the streets through which the procession passes are filled with spectators.

Exactly on this day Peter Vieck came to the city, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Knepus; or, perhaps, rather to see how it went on with Christian.

"I have brought a little anker of beer out of Stettin," said he, "and a box of confections. I think Mr. and Mrs. Knepus will do me the favour to accept them. It is now, perhaps, twelve years since I was here last, and yet I find no little Knepus! However, it may yet come; but then we must give the mother a *vivat!*"

Mrs. Knepus laughed aloud at the witty conceit of the ship's captain.

"Knepus is gone to-day with the guild!" said she; "you must accompany me there."

"Now, if I know the Odense-men right, they will make more holes in the bottles than in the

target," said Peter Vieck. "Where do you think, now, one should have the safest place out there? I think, just before the target; because, at twenty paces' distance, one might easily get a stray bullet in the body. But however, I say, how does it go on with the youth? He conducts himself well, does he?"

"Oh, he is so good, and, at the same time, so heartily innocent! There is nothing to say against him," replied Mrs. Knepus.

"To say against him! No, that I should not expect, else I should have taught him different," said Peter Vieck, somewhat sore on the subject.

"He is now upon the shooting-ground. You should only see how well the green bow of ribands on his hat becomes him! He carried the king's cup, the silver goblet, before the procession. There was a great strife about this honour, because the last year's crown-prince—that is, he whose shot is second only to that of the king's shot—wished for it: but Knepus was the conqueror; his scholar carried the goblet."

At this moment the servant-girl entered the room, quite out of breath. The washerwoman's little boy, she said, was come, to bring the news which his mother had heard from the city-watchman, that Mr. Knepus had shot near to the bull's-eye, that only the gunsmith could excel him; but that he had missed his shot, and therefore that Mr. Knepus was king.

"Ah, no!" said Mrs. Knepus, heartily glad; "he had better be crown-prince, because it costs so much to be king, because then he must treat folks. The crown-prince gets a soup-ladle, and that we are very much in want of."

"We must go out!" said Peter Vieck; "I conduct the queen." He offered the lady his arm. "We shall get on by degrees, for my legs are quite in tune for the procession."

Towards evening the windows were seen to be filled with spectators. The shooting was ended, and the target was, according to a certain form, put up to sale; and then, as was the old custom, given up to the street-boys, that they might carry it through the city. Six of the greatest and strongest, having beforehand strengthened themselves with brandy, took the target on their backs; two courageous comrades mounted then upon it, plundered the triumphal arches, and thus, adorned with garlands and inscriptions, were borne in triumph through the city, whilst the whole mob of boys shouted, and with green branches in their hands followed the procession. At length they arranged themselves in double rows, to receive the honourable body of citizens, who advanced to the music of a full band.

The king, and the two who had made the next best shots, the crown-prince and the heir-apparent, with riband-scarfs covered with silver spangles across the shoulder, opened the procession, and

before them walked the youth who bore the silver cup. With proud ostentation Christian carried this before his master.

"That is my husband!" said Mrs. Knepus, in the excess of her joy, not being able to say more.

"Yes, now he has the cup," said Peter Vieck, "now he must pour out for the others."

Christian glanced, highly delighted, towards all the windows, and over all the crowd of people.

Upon all the stone-steps stood the spectators, thickly thronged one against another, and all eyes beamed with joy. There was a very dense crowd of people at the corner of one of the streets, and amid the human mass there stood prominently forth a man of pale and sickly appearance; he looked fixedly at Christian, and nodded to him kindly as to an acquaintance.

"Lord Jesus!" sighed the boy, and cast his eyes to the ground. It was really his father—his father, who perished in the war, whom he saw! He cast his eyes once more upon the man. Yes, there stood aloft on the steps, strikingly visible amid the crowd, his father, whom he had wept as dead. Christian's hands trembled, and he had almost let the silver cup fall. The exultation which surrounded him was only a hateful clamour in his ear.

The procession advanced towards the club-house, where the festivities were to be closed by a three-days' ball. Health upon health was to be

drunk, whilst trumpeters stood and blew through the windows; and a harlequin, with a blackened face and a fools' bell in his hand, did his utmost for the amusement of the people.

As soon as the procession had entered the club-saloon, the boys with the target, upon which the lively dioscuri still maintained their places, moved off to the house of the king of the shooting, where his wife courtesied to them, and then to the burgo-master's and the city director's, attended still by all the boys who followed the train, swinging green branches in the air. It was the marching wood, as Macbeth saw it.

Whilst this went on in the street, Christian found himself in the club-saloon, amid all the festal company: hundreds of his equals envied him his happiness. But he stood there unsusceptible of the gladness that surrounded him, for that pale, smiling countenance which he had seen in the throng had petrified his very vitals.

"I have seen my father!" said he, in silent horror; "and yet he is dead, and my mother is again married! It was no accidental resemblance which deceived me, no!—it was himself! He actually looked at me—nodded to me! Oh, it is horrible!"

It was eleven o'clock when he again found himself in his solitary chamber. With an anxiety which would otherwise have been foreign to him, he looked round his room; each dark corner terri-

fied him, and that old gravestone which served him as a screen had now, for the first time, something unearthly about it. The portraits of the pastor, with his three wives and children, stared ghost-like down upon him from the canvass. The carved, brightly painted images of saints had a demon-like appearance, and for this reason he covered them with his clothes. He extinguished the candle, but still the ugly shapes nodded to him, now seeming to look down upon him from the wall, and now through the window. He could not sleep; he heard every stroke of the bell and steeple-clock toll the hour of midnight.

He then suddenly heard a scraping sound at the window; at any other time he would have paid no attention to it, but now!—— He covered himself in bed, and looked towards the window; the head of a human being was moving before it.

"My fancy deceives me," said he to himself. He threw a second glance towards the window.

But now he saw plainly a white figure; it tapped softly at the window, and called him by his name. His hair stood up for terror; like one turned to stone, he sat up in his bed.

He now recognised the voice; it was that of Mrs. Knepus.

To be sure it was very easy to mount up to this low room; a ladder of but a moderate length sufficed for this; but yet why did she come this way, and at this hour?

He sprung out of bed and opened the window. Really and truly it was the mistress of the house who stood there upon the ladder. In the old song about the beautiful Agnete, it says, "Above she was a lady fair, below she was a fish:" but of Mrs. Knepus it might be said, "Above it was white calico, below soft cotton cloth."

"I terrify you to death," said she, in a low, laughing voice; "but help me in!"

Christian shoved a chair below the window, took the lady by the hand, and assisted her thus to enter, without comprehending what could be the purport of this nocturnal visit.

"I must steal," said the lady, as she boldly swung herself into our hero's chamber, who presented himself to her in that self-same nightly costume in which Gil Blas and other heroes have stood.

The slightly swept passage, on which the sand had the day before been freshly strewn, the domestic industry of the lady during the few minutes when her husband was in her company, and the other little characteristics which we have already seen in her, have presented a rapid sketch of the interior condition of the Knepus family. This night-wandering is a supplementary addition, to make up for what is defective in the other.

The servant-maid could not manage to make the quantity of butter which Mrs. Knepus allowed

for weekly consumption hold out, and this the mistress said was only owing to her wastefulness; and that she might prove the truth of this, she laid a wager of three marks with the girl that she would make the allotted portion of butter last out the week. But, in order that the lady might not go and eke out the quantity from that which was in the storeroom, which, as we know, was Christian's bedroom, the servant was to keep the key when he was gone to bed. The lady, however, found herself short in her calculation; but for all that she would not lose her wager, because upon that depended three marks and her reputation. From this cause she vaulted, at this hour of night, through the window into the little garret, — to steal from herself.

"I am in a horrible situation," said she: "if any body saw me getting through the window in this way, what would they say? But I do it on account of my honour, and 'to the pure all things are pure!'"

And the lady helped herself to the butter.

CHAPTER VI.

"Meinst Du, ich gehe eben so vergnügt, als ich gekommen? Ich habe Nichts mehr in der Welt—keine Frau, kein Kind, Niemand, der für mein alter sorgen könnte. Noch einen Kuss—es ist der letzte—Fort! so soll ich Dich denn nie wiedersehen, nie! O Gott! sorge Du für mein Kind."—*Der Matrose.*

It was already bright day when Christian awoke from hearing his own name. He opened his eyes; Peter Vieck stood before his bed, and behind him he saw the figure of yesterday. It was his father—his father, who was believed to be dead!"

"It is I," said Peter Vieck, "and where you see me there are no ghosts! Your father is not dead—here you have him living before you. I did not dare to let him go alone to you—you are no hero; there flows a little of the tailor's blood in your veins. I mean nothing amiss," said he to the tailor, and offered him his hand.

The father pressed the son to his heart, and wept as he had done on the morning when he parted from him.

It was not until dinner that they came to know the true history of his fate. The escort of the cannon had actually fallen, as the sergeant had written to Marie.

"Nobody knew," continued the tailor, "that in the morning I had been carried away from my position, and thrust against a Swedish horse which had lost its rider. I was hemmed in so closely that I could only move my fingers — all around me was one firm mass. I had already lost consciousness, as the Swedes endeavoured to cut for themselves a passage from behind. I was ready to sink; had I fallen I must, without the least chance of salvation, have been trodden to death, and for that reason I made every effort with my last strength to mount the horse. Now, I never had been a horseman: it was the impulse to save my own life which set me upon the horse. The Swedish cavalry now galloped back along the ditch, whilst ours fired sharply upon them. My horse followed the other horses. The balls of my comrades flew about my ears, and before I could well look around me I halted under the mound, among the Swedes. My landsmen had not spared the enemy — me they spared, as far as life was concerned. The Cossacks had taken several prisoners: I was placed among them. These inhuman beings fastened us together by the thumbs, and then drove us away like cattle for slaughter. My mind had always been attracted

towards the south, but I was compelled to go another way, compelled to bear the winter's cold of the Russian snow-fields—a cold, of which we in Denmark can form no idea. Yes, I could write a whole book about that which I there heard and saw; but I would only relate how, at last, I came out of captivity. I discovered in Russia how well off we are here in Denmark. Denmark is a summer land after one has experienced the cold of the forests of Russia. When the war was at an end I obtained my freedom, and I wrote the tidings directly home, but the letter must never have been received. I set out on my homeward way, but I bore already the seeds of disease within me. I lay for almost nine months in the hospital at Mietau. From this place I sent a letter by a travelling journeyman to Liebau, that it might be sent forward thence by the first Danish ship; yet this letter also was lost. I thought of Funen, on all the joyful hours which I had spent there: I longed for Marie, and thee my dear son. Painful remorse tormented me for having left you; for three long years I had heard nothing of you! I now set out on foot from Mietau to Liebau—there was no ship there. I went onward to Memel, from Memel to Königsberg. But it was as if I were doomed never to reach you—when I got there the last ship had just sailed. At length, therefore, I went with the first whaler, and came to

Helsingör, wandered through Zealand, and came again to Funen. Oh, I rejoiced like a child! I would tell them about the battle at Bornhöved, of the march towards Russia, and of what I had seen and had suffered. Ah, how I longed for Marie, and thee my Christian! I arrived at Örebäk—was weary and hungry. I determined to call at the house of the rich farmer, whose brother's representative I was: he could most likely tell me how things were at Svendborg. I entered the parlour—there sat the farmer, and rocked a little child in a cradle.

"'Good evening,' said I; and he asked who I was.

"'A dead man!' I replied; 'but when you see that he is put together out of flesh and blood you perhaps will not be frightened at him.' And I related to him how the report of my death had been false.

"'Lord Jesus!' said he, in a tone so horror-stricken that I myself grew afraid.

"'Is my wife dead?' inquired I, anxiously. With that he seized my hand, and besought me immediately to leave the house, and again to go out of the country. 'Here is money for you!' said he, as he gave me fifty dollars: 'how could any one imagine that you still lived? Marie is now my wife—the child here in the cradle is ours. There she comes! Do not let her see

you!' And he drew me out with him into the garden.

"She did not see my face, for I did not turn round. How could she so soon marry again! I know very well what I felt, but I said not one word. I inquired after thee, my son, and learned that the Lord had requited thee for that which I had suffered. Thee would I yet once more see, and then forth into the wide world, towards the south, where I once was so happy. Yesterday I came here to Odense; I sought thee out, but the door was fast—everybody was out on the shooting-ground. Just as I was about to go out there the procession met me. Thou wast the bearer of the king's prize, people told me, and I saw thee carrying the cup in thy hand, walking before the train. Didst thou recognise me? I saluted thee. This night I slept at the public-house. I there met with two journeymen, who to-morrow set out on their way to Germany; I make one in their company. We shall not then see one another again in this life, my good son, for I shall never more return home. Be honest and cheerful, and give pleasure to the good people who have taken to thee, thou poor fellow! If thy mother do not learn it from others, do not thou betray to her that I am yet living. Such tidings as those would only fall heavily upon her heart, and I shall ever love her."

He embraced his son.

"One must take the world as it is," said Peter Vieck; "if she goes thus with me, I go thus with her!—one must sail before the wind. As regards the boy, we will hope that some time something will be made of him. For my sea-Lucie he is good for nothing; but my land-Lucie, the charming girl, she thinks a deal of him. I will make a brave fellow out of him, and then she can afterwards take him, if she like to do so. They already write to one another. She has learned from her father German, as well as history; and now she shall learn some dress-making. I shall have her boarded and taught here in Odense; in six weeks she will be here."

Christian smiled at this intelligence, and it warmed his heart. The good, kind Lucie, was then his bride!—he had never yet thought on that. She was the cause of his happiness; unless she had interceded for him, things would have been very sad with him. His father's history led him to his own; in this the star of fortune was ascending, in the other it was setting: but rising and setting are in our fortunes just as much relative ideas as are the rising and the setting of the sun and the stars. It is only our own point of view which determines these.

If the road to that happiness which natural as well as positive religion promises to us leads from earth to a nobler star, and from

that to one still more developed, more closely related to us, then is the whole unfolded life nothing more than a great journey of education, a wandering from land to land into the heavenly Jerusalem. Our earthly journeyings are a feeble, despicable image of this great flight. We make acquaintance, win for ourselves friends, from whom we rend ourselves with tears, because it feels to us painful that we shall not meet again; we are constrained to live hours, days, with people who are our torment, and after our separation from them they float before us like original points: that which gives us the greatest anxiety shapes itself only into a brilliant point. From the heavenly city, the goal of our endeavours, we may perhaps some time look down upon our starry heaven, to which brilliant points our earth also belongs; we shall recognise her as the home of our first existence, and all the remembrances of our own childhood will float before us. How may it then be with those with whom we have here spent our best hours in indissoluble attachment? Wherever they may still also be abiding they will remember these hours, and hope joyfully for a meeting again. When in those dwellings of peace in other spheres, higher worlds of education, we recall in memory former years of life, it will be to us as if we here looked back to a so-called great journey. We glance upon the map: Paris! yes, there I was for four months! Rome, there I

lived for half a year; and we feel the yearning wherewith we remember those persons with whom we became then acquainted, only to part from them so soon: and yet this yearning disturbs not the enjoyment of our present happiness. On the great journey through eternity we should not only love individuals in particular places. We are no citizens of the earth but citizens of heaven. The human heart is no comet, whose beams only point in one direction, but a sun which is equally bright on all sides.

These thoughts, although he might not be so clearly conscious of them, filled the mind of the poor father and afforded him a certain resignation.

Late in the evening he bade them all adieu. Christian accompanied him towards the street in which the herberg lay.

"Farewell, my son!" said he to him. "When thou seest the stork arrive and fly away again, then think on me! Whenever I see the creature I will think on our little room in Svendborg, where we used to look up to the nest, and I will then beg of the stork to salute my son wherever I have to find my bread in the world. Farewell, my dear boy, my beloved child!" and he kissed him with weeping eyes. "No, thou shalt not go back alone! I will spend with thee the few moments that yet remain!" And he went back again with Christian towards the churchyard,

where Mr. Knepus's house lay. That was the last farewell between father and son.

Next morning at sunrise there went three foot-travellers out of the western gate; they were on their way to Assen, in order to go thence to the duchy of Schleswig. Among these three was Christian's father.

CHAPTER VII.

"La jeunesse est la temps des illusions."
VOLTAIRE.

"Schön bist Du,
Das weisst Du
Nur leider zu sehr;
O wüsstest
Du's minder,
So wärst Du es mehr."
FR. RÜCKERT.

AROUND the castle-garden of Odense there wound a foot-path, which led from one end of the city to the other. On this way Christian and Lucie often went when they visited each other. It was in August, and Lucie had now been some weeks in the city to learn the dress-making business, according to Peter Vieck's arrangement.

The sun was on the edge of the horizon, no one could look at it without being dazzled by its splendour.

"Does it not look as if it came down to us?" said Lucie. "If it really came, and were not

greater than it seems to be, I would run there and look at it."

"And I would run a thousand miles for it," said Christian, "but I would be the first that got to see it; and not many should follow me. Then every body would talk about it, and my name would get into all the newspapers."

"What good could that do thee?" replied Lucie. "Thou art in reality vain!"

"No," said he, "that is no vanity! How canst thou say such a thing? I should like to sit in a balloon and fly higher than any body else before me. I should like to make discoveries. If I had been a mariner, and might have sailed wherever I liked, I would have made voyages of discovery in the great ocean, or would have gone to the pole and over the perpetual ice."

"When thy fingers had been blue with cold thou wouldst soon have come back again," said Lucie.

"Thou dost not at all know me," replied Christian. "In little things I am no hero, and I am not for that ashamed. But thou mayest credit me, I should like to be present when there was something really important in hand. To be sure, I am afraid of sailing in a little boat on the channel; but I should not be at all afraid of sailing on the great ocean in the same little boat, if there were any reason for it. I am afraid of an enraged cow, and yet if I were in Africa I would

ride on the tiger-hunt; because it would be worth while risking one's life for that. He has been drowned in the Odense straits—a cow has killed him: see, Lucie, there is really nothing great in that. I should think nothing of venturing my life in cases where any thing extraordinary was occurring."

"But why dost thou wish to be different to other people?" asked Lucie, and then suddenly paused. They were now in the suburbs of the other side of the city; the footpath made a turn, and they saw on the way an old woman, who wore a common man's hat, in which she had stuck a soldier's feather and which she had ornamented with artificial flowers. A crowd of children ran after her, who made fun of her and laughed at her.

"That is the shoemaker's crazy wife," said Christian; "she has all the boys after her."

"Poor, unfortunate creature!" sighed Lucie, and changed colour. The recollection of her former condition of mind weighed upon her, yet without her imagining Christian knew any thing of it.

"The poor woman!" said he. "But perhaps she does not feel her misfortune."

Lucie shook her head doubtingly. "Let us be thankful to God for that which he has given," said she; "and let us pray that we may never lose that which we possess! That is more im-

portant than to fly to the sun or to go to the north pole. God has given to every one of us so much that it is certainly sin to desire more than common gifts."

"But I do that, however," said Christian, in the wilfulness of youth. "I wish to be famous, or I would rather not live."

"Thou art quite a child!" said Lucie, as they parted from each other.

Christian returned again the same way; some one seized him by the arm: it was the crazy woman.

"Art not thou the son of the holy Lazarus?" asked she; and our hero, who was in truth no hero at all, but who yet wished to hunt the tiger in the deserts of Africa, and to make voyages of discovery in the clouds and to the pole, became burning hot when the old woman, whose mind was diseased, approached him, looked at her for a moment, and then ran away. It was very well, however, that nobody saw him.

Bold ideas belong to youth; they throw themselves venturously into the stream, learn to swim, and often reach the goal. Those older than they, deliberate, attempt, and—come in too late; they are like the man in the parable, who bury in the earth the money confided to them, whilst the more daring ventures with it and wins. Happy youth! to thee stand open a hundred ways to renown and fortune!

A great many extraordinary ideas arose in Christian's soul; but every new thought, every new idea, like the Arab-steed on the race-course, first underwent Lucie's inspection, yet never came to a proper race. As a matter of course, she shook her head and called him a child. She told him how, when she was a little girl, she often had thought about seeking for a great treasure, which should make her the richest lady in the world, and that she had taken a spade, and now had dug in the garden and now in the field, in the hope of meeting with a hidden treasure. Just as childish as this did she now regard every high-flown scheme of Christian's.

After every such conversation Christian always went home out of humour; but after a few hours the good understanding between them was always again restored. He felt that Lucie was certainly right, and that annoyed him; and every arrogant thought which he had expressed aloud, every "I would be famous, or I would rather not live," lay upon his heart like a committed sin. If he were then alone, he prayed God for forgiveness, and felt some consolation. But it was soon again with him as with the Catholic, who, after he has obtained absolution, commits fresh sin.

A joy was now in prospect; it had already been talked of for months: the Count's journey, as Mrs. Knepus called it, was to take place this winter. It was now five years since the great

gentleman had spent a winter upon his estate in Funen; and, consequently, it had been so long since the professors and artists of the neighbourhood had been able to celebrate this festal birthday at the splendid country-seat.

Mr. and Mrs. Knepus had both of them economy before their eyes, and the preparations for the journey were made in all respects with regard to this subject. They hired an old worn-out coach, and packed in, first the provisions, then the violin-case, and, last of all, the gentleman and lady: Christian had his place between these two. On the back-seat there came in, as travelling companions, a civil officer, together with his wife, nurse-maid, and child. In order to keep in the warmth, a bed-cover was laid right across the knees of the assembled travelling associates. Directly over Christian's head hung a lantern, which nearly singed off his hair; and there lay upon the bed-quilt a fox-and-goose board, because they intended to play for pastime. They chose the night for their journey out, that they might arrive at the hall with the morning hour, and determined to employ the following night for their return. By this means the lodging for the night was dispensed with, gratuities to servants saved, and the cost of the carriage was less by twelve hours; which, being all put together, made up a very considerable saving.

In a closed carriage they managed to sleep

quite gloriously; and the nocturnal tour reminded Mr. Knepus vividly of the journey which he had made many years before in North Germany with the diligence.

There was nothing very characteristic to remark about the other well-packed-in married couple. The lady had once had a severe nervous fever, and, therefore, she dated all her reminiscences from "before" and "after" the great sickness. Of the husband there is still less of the remarkable to relate, and we must take a leap back of several years in order to find only one trait worthy of our attention: he was at that time an admirer of the Travels of Mr. Nicolai, "Italy as it really is."

The snow lay deep and kept the farmers' corn-fields warm in the severe frost, but the roads were well tracked. Quickly rolled away the carriage in the dusk of night. Christian was very happy.

In the public-house of the village, which was yet about ten or twelve miles' distance from the hall, they spent some hours, in order that they might not make their appearance too early as guests with the great folks.

The rosy-tinged morning clouds, the white snow, and the green fir-woods, presented a very cheerful prospect. Not far from the blacksmith's forge hung, upon the summit of a poplar-tree which had been cut down, an empty stork's nest;

the former possessor of which now, perhaps, took his morning draught from the fountains of the Nile. Christian looked upon this with the same pensive recollection which creeps over us when we again find the withered flowers which we once, as children, had laid in our Bible.

And now the hall of the nobleman, with its many stables and out-buildings, lay before them. The residence itself consisted of two portions, the old and the new hall. The road wound itself around the old castle-ditches, which, to be sure, were now frozen over, but which, it was plainly to be seen, were well kept up. The old hall, with its thick red walls, small windows, its tower and loopholes, indicated that no great convenience might be expected there; but all the more was that promised by the new building of two modern stories. One entered this in the centre by a broad flight of stone-steps, the lowest flight of which was adorned by two sphinxes. The principal story was not unlike a large hot-house. Trees and flowers of southern climates stood on both sides, and the cold floor was covered with carpets. Here all was warm and beautiful.

Every requisite which belongs to the winter enjoyments of a Danish country-seat was here assembled in abundance. Upon the castle-ditches sledges were whirling around a lofty pole, upon which waved the Danish flag. Within the narrow hazel avenue a slide ran down from a tolerably

considerable height; and there were reared upon the great bleaching-ground two colossal snow-men, with eyes of coal and shields of ice, and with hop-poles, down which water had been poured, for icy spears in their hands. Between these two knights of snow was placed the cannon which was fired when the healths were drunk.

Dilettanti, among whom were a clergyman and a burgomaster, played, under the direction of Mr. Knepus, behind a green curtain in a side room. Upon the table lay rich birthday presents; and among these stood a flower-piece of Naomi's work, which, faithful to nature, was composed from three other similar pictures. The delicate sylph-like girl, who was advancing from childhood to maidenly years, and who possessed, in a high degree, the beauties of both periods of life, stood near a savage dog of which she was particularly fond. The great creature laid his black feet upon her white shoulders, whilst his red tongue hung from his mouth. The beautiful girl seemed, in fact, to be no more than sufficient for a slight breakfast for the dangerous animal; but it wagged its tail in a friendly manner, and her delicate hand caressed it. Naomi smiled; she and the mastiff seemed to be excellent friends.

"That wild girl!" said the old Countess, "she once terrified me to death; my life hangs only on a thin thread. Now she lets that mad

animal loose that could eat people up; now she goes galloping on the most furious horse, without saddle, through wood and field. The dear God takes care of her, or she must long ago have been a cripple. If I had only a fourth part of her nature it would do me more good than all my drops and my mixtures."

The pale old Countess after this seated herself on the sofa, and entertained herself with the lady whose recollections all took their date from "before" and "after" her great illness.

"Now there is here quite a new sort of malady broke out," said she; "people call it the red-hound."

"I must have had this sickness of a certainty," replied the Countess; "because I have had all sorts of illnesses, and have had them to a much greater degree than any body else. I know the whole apothecary's shop by heart, and could shew you a press quite full of medicine-bottles, boxes of ointment, and pill-boxes. I only just taste of them, for they do me no good at all. Ah! even for the little excursions which I, weak woman, allow myself, I am obliged to provide myself with medicaments. I was, during the last week, at a great *soirée* at the bailiffs', and amused myself; but I can assure you that I went there with sour dough under the soles of my feet, and in that condition I sat at the card-table. I am very sickly, and yet the physician

smiles whenever I complain to him of my sufferings. He knows very well that I shall never get better, and on that account he does not pay me the attention which in all reason he ought to do. I become dizzy immediately when I see a mill."

Whilst this conversation was carried on half aloud the music was playing. Naomi was captivated by it; she stood at the window and amused herself the while by bringing the Count's tulips to earlier bloom by blowing into their buds. A violin solo now began, the bold execution of which excited attention.

"*Charmant!*" cried the old Countess, quite forgetting her maladies.

Naomi drew the curtain aside, and there stood in the midst of the musicians, behind the low music-desk, the scholar of Mr. Knepus, Christian, with the violin on his shoulder.

"We have, certainly, already seen one another!" said the Count: "but where?"

"In Copenhagen," replied Christian, in a modest tone.

"He has been confided to my instruction," said Mr. Knepus.

From all sides the tribute of applause was awarded to him. Naomi also smiled unspeakably sweetly upon him, and spoke a long time to him, only not of former days.

What a time of joy and of happiness was this festival!

The company walked to the slide. Naomi here was more courageous than a boy; Christian held her back.

"You dare not get in?" asked Naomi of him; and he mounted into the sledge only to tumble out of it, yet without any further consequences to himself than that of hearing Naomi say to a by-stander, "How clumsy!"

That made him silent. He dared not any further to address her; but all the most passionately did his glance follow her.

Before dinner he had once more to play, and by this means he was again in his true position. The old Countess conversed with him, and when she was made acquainted with his parentage she appeared particularly well-informed of his earlier convulsive fits, which were now quite cured; and spoke also of Lucie and her illness. "Yes, all sick people in this neighbourhood are known to me. I will now candidly confess that, according to my own opinion, there may be individuals whose sufferings may be more severe than mine; but those are stronger constitutions, which have less to endure in their greater suffering than the sensitive by even less acute pain: and I am so infinitely sensitive!"

One might almost have believed that the in-

terest which people shewed for Christian was as much on account of his former infirmities as for his present musical talent. They insisted upon his remaining for a few days at the hall; there would be a very good opportunity for him to return to Odense, as the Count, in a few days, was going to set out on his journey to England, and would travel through Odense.

The table was arranged festively; the dazzlingly white napkins stood like fans out of the tall champagne-glasses; the lights beamed from massive silver chandeliers. Every gentleman selected for himself a lady; Naomi avoided every one, she approached Christian.

"Will the gentleman-artist be my cavalier?" asked she, as she placed her arm within his and thus led him to table. He became crimson, and conducted himself awkwardly.

Naomi whispered into the ear of the gouvernante, "Thus shall we sit at table in the other world—the bird of paradise and the crow near to each other. But you must really entertain your lady!" said she to Christian; "or, if you will be the lady, then I will be gentleman." And now she filled his glass.

Christian felt that Naomi's facility in conversation, her liveliness—in short, it was a concerted plan. It was a kind of jesting which she was carrying on with him, in which, however, a certain affection lay. His whole soul belonged to

her; of that he became more and more convinced. Again and again she filled his glass; and, without thinking upon the possible consequences, he drank glass after glass. The blood began to flow quicker in his veins, he became more lively.

"He is coming out," said Naomi. Near to them sat the fair Ludwig, the son of the police-master, who, out of jealous despair of three others, betook himself to her, which should be a very rational means against an unfortunate passion; and Naomi still more increased his pangs by letting him see the devotion which she paid to Christian.

"Life to her whom you love!" said Naomi softly to him, as she touched her glass to his.

"It is you!" said Christian, whose tongue the wine had released.

The company now rose from table; Naomi avoided him. He drew himself back with embarrassment, and did not venture to approach her. Deeply he perceived how very much he yet wanted to fit him for entering the higher world.

Dancing began. Neither in that could he take any part; he did not know how to take a step. Naomi flew like a butterfly through the saloon; exercise made her once more as amiable as before; the blood glowed through the fine skin of her cheeks; and her dark complexion gained increased beauty through the artificial

light. She was especially captivating; a glorious Mignon, only too slenderly formed for a child of the south.

"She will dance herself into a fever!" said the old Countess.

Mr. Patermann, the chaplain at the hall, with his repulsively mawkish smile around his lips, was of the same opinion. It was with these two, with regard to dancing, as it is with the dogs and water—they had done without it until they had an abhorrence of it.

Naomi did not seem to trouble herself at all about Christian. The fair Ludwig was now the favoured one. But neither could Christian dance. All at once she stood before him, laid her hands upon his shoulders, and flew with him away in whirling mazes. Every thing spun round with him, yet he did not dare to leave hold upon her. He trod upon her foot; struck his knee against hers.

"I am so unwell!" sighed he; and she let him sink down upon a chair, laughed at him, and floated with another partner through the hall.

An American author relates that the elk, when wounded by the hunter, separates itself from the herd and retires to solitude to die. Christian felt a similar instinct; he left the dancing-hall, for he was, among the high-flying ones, a bird with a broken wing.

The servant lighted him across the court-yard

to the old hall, for all the rooms were occupied in the new one. They entered by a low portal into the narrow hall, which had once received the whole castle-court, ascended thence a winding staircase, and, after passing through various lofty old-fashioned rooms, arrived at a little chamber which had been prepared in haste for a sleeping-room. Arms of all kinds, and a quantity of riding-whips, hung round about the walls of the little apartment.

"There is your sleeping-room," said the servant, as he lighted the night-lamp. "And here hangs the ancestral lady, who will watch over you whilst you sleep," added he, with a smiling countenance, throwing the light upon a picture of a lady in the costume of the middle ages, which hung over the door. That which was most remarkable, however, was, that the lady had an iron chain around the neck, which hung down over her shoulders and breast.

"That was a valiant lady," said the servant; "she had not, indeed, such a great apothecary's bill as our old Countess. She had a quarrel with her neighbour, who made her his prisoner, put a chain around her neck, and had it riveted to the dog-kennel. Those were times! On that they drunk and caroused; but the ancestress, in the meantime, got loose her chain, came, happily, to her own castle, and then called out her people to fall upon the noble. See you, for that reason she

had herself painted with her chain about her neck."

The servant now withdrew, and Christian was left alone with his thoughts of the picture of the valiant lady.

She had eyes quite as dark as Naomi. So bold and brave would Naomi also have been. He looked through the window, but the glass was so thick and burnt with the sun that he was only able to see the light shining in the new house. He thought upon that evening in Copenhagen, how he hung as ship-boy in the wet cordage and saw Naomi also then floating away joyfully in the dance. He thought of the hours which were just passed—of his wants—of his imperfections, and all his destroyed hopes.

A little after midnight he woke; he heard the departure of Mr. Knepus, and was nothing less than glad that he remained behind.

What a healing power is there in sleep, when it is a youthful heart which is to be healed!

The sunshine already lit up the picture of the ancestress as Christian awoke from sleep, and the heavy chains around the neck of the lady were the first subject which occupied his mind.

"I also bear such fetters! I am not much better off than if I were riveted to a dog-kennel, whilst others rejoice themselves in the dance! But I also will rend the chains! I will some day come forth as a great artist, and people shall bow

themselves before the power of my genius. As in Joseph's dream the sheaves of all the others bowed themselves before his individual sheaf, so shall it likewise be with me; and then I, too, will have myself painted, but not with the sign of the yoke which I have borne, but hand-in-hand with Naomi. She is as beautiful, as wondrously beautiful as the angels of God, only not so good. But who can be so?"

And he kneeled down, and prayed to God that his beautiful dream might be accomplished.

In the forenoon, the old Countess wished to see all the guests assembled around her. The chocolate was served in the old hall, which was only inhabited by herself and the domestics appointed especially to wait upon her.

The way to her rooms, which, at least in the last century, had suffered no essential change, was by the winding staircase in the tower. Old, grim tapestry, which represented an ancient wood, out of which there appeared here and there the antlers of a stag, ornamented the walls of the sitting-room. A large stove of porcelain was erected before the walled-up chimney, and was adorned with sphinxes of grey stone. Through an enormous press, the doors of which were hung with carpeting, one descended into the lower rooms. The chairs and sofa had an equally antique appearance, and the only modern object with which this room was furnished was a plaster-

of-Paris Napoleon, which stood upon an old pyramid; upon all the spiral rings of which were placed medicine-bottles, ointment, pill-boxes, and suchlike trophies of sickness which her ladyship had subdued. Thus to place the hero of war amid the trophies of a lady—that was not at all a bad idea. People must do things as well as they can!

"Here is my residence," said the Countess. "Through the whole of the winter the new building stands desolate; then every thing is according to the old *régime*, and the lights shine here—alas, they are the lights beside a sick bed!"

The guests had not yet arrived. Naomi stood upon a chair, that she might examine the contents of the uppermost drawer of an old exquisitely carved cabinet.

"Thou art a true Eulenspiergel," said the Countess. "Do get down, for the company is coming."

"It is not every day that the holy of holies is to be seen," said Naomi, with a jeering smile. "You have allowed me to look in here."

"There is nothing but old rubbish in there," replied the Countess; "souvenirs of fifty years ago."

"And this portrait of a lady," inquired Naomi; "why does it lie here? She is beautiful, but she is like a Jewess."

The old Countess fixed her eyes upon the

picture, and then turned them upon Naomi with the words, "That is the picture of thy deceased mother!"

With that there was a pause. Naomi was the first who again spoke.

"My mother!" said she: "she, however, at at least, shall not lie among the old things." And she concealed the miniature in her bosom.

"Do come down and shut the cabinet!—The company is coming!" said the Countess. "You put my blood quite into a commotion; and yet you know that I cannot bear it."

"Tell me about my mother!" said Naomi, gravely.

"What are you thinking about, child?" replied the old lady; "that would not amuse you." She turned herself about; the strangers entered, and the conversation was thereby interrupted.

Christian was again desired to play. He followed his own fantasies, because Mr. Knepus was not present. Naomi sat sunk in deep thought, and her eye seemed to rest, dreamily, upon him. Thus he had never seen her before. She admires me, thought he, and this thought inspired him. So silent Naomi had never before been seen.

There was to be a game of battledore and shuttlecock played in the new hall, and thither, accordingly, went the company. Naomi remained behind with the old Countess, took her hand and said, in a tone of seriousness very striking for her

age, "Tell me about my mother! I *must* and I *will* know the whole!"

"You terrify me with your violence," replied the Countess. "Go across to the strangers, and take part in the game; that is better."

"You still always treat me like a child, which I am no longer, and therefore I will know something more about my own self. I am no stranger, which you took to live with you out of compassion. I am actually that which I ought only to appear, the daughter of your son, and you are my grandmother. It has been thoughtless of me, that I have lived so long among you without making any inquiry about my mother. Only twice have I mentioned her in my father's presence, and both times he rose up angrily, and left me without replying to my questions. Neither would you at any time tell me any thing about her, and I have in my frivolity let it pass by, and almost forgotten the affair. But to-day, now that I have found her portrait, I will know more about her, and you shall give me information respecting her."

"Naomi, you know how delicate I am," said the old lady; "do not torment me,—because I neither can nor will gratify your wishes. Neither are such histories as those fit for your years! No! in course of time when I, probably, shall have long been resting in my grave, my son will

tell you about these things. Go now into the anteroom and fetch me my brown cloak."

"You want to get me out of the room," said Naomi, "that you may fasten the bolt, and then not let me in again! That you have done before now! Grandmother, you know my character: in the castle-ditch there is a hole broken in the ice; I will throw myself into it, if you will not immediately tell me that which I desire to know."

"You are a detestable girl!" said the old Countess; "you treat me, a weak lady, very ill. I will yield to your wishes; but that which you desire to know will become only a thorn in your own breast." The old and otherwise sickly and pale-looking lady became at these words of a feverish crimson, and her speech became quicker. "You are not of my blood, and not of the blood of my son," continued she: "it is a folly, a weakness in him, that he for some time believed this."

As an electric shock acted the next words of the old lady.

"The old Jew of Svendborg was thy grandfather," said she; "his daughter was handsome — handsomer than thou wilt be. She was gouvernante at the hall — she was a *servant* here. Dost thou understand me? — she was a servant here! But she had good sense and was well read, and

therefore we treated her as one of the family. My son Fritz fell in love with her, his father opposed it, and your mother was obliged to return to her father. Fritz now took a journey, and we attended to our own affairs; but they kept up a correspondence, and seemed only to live for their love, although certain people did not speak well of your mother. There lived in Svendborg a musician, a native of Norway, who came to your grandfather's house, and became the confidant of your mother — yes, was very intimate with her. Fritz returned from his journey — we believed that all was forgotten; he devoted himself to the chase, but his rides a-hunting were only visits to Svendborg. I perceived it, and I knew what a sinful life they led — worse than you can imagine. It is foolish to talk with you about such things! I told Fritz what I had heard; but he had confidence in the love of your mother, until he once found the house-friend with her. In short, you are not of noble Danish blood — perhaps of Norwegian! My Fritz was now convinced, and became a rational man again. When you were born your mother wrote lamentable letters about you; and at last she put an end to her own life, because Fritz would not listen to her fiction. That was all for effect, and it served its purpose. She was buried, and you came to us. I myself went and fetched you from Svendborg."

"I thank you for your communication," said Naomi, calmly, but pale as the wall; "I am then of the Norwegian, and not Danish nobility. Well, I have always had more delight in Oehlenschläger's 'Hakon Jarl' than in his 'Palnatoke.' Shall I now go over there and play at ball?"

"Child," replied the Countess, "you are excited!—I never knew any one like you! You do not yet understand the nature of the history you have heard. Oh, there will come a time when you will shed tears of blood over that which you have heard this hour!"

"I have heard," said Naomi, "that my mother was beautiful, that she was possessed of good sense, and that she had the courage to die when she was deeply wounded. Her portrait shall hang in my chamber; I will garland it with flowers, and to it shall all my kisses belong. Now I can go and play at shuttlecock with the strangers!"

With a smiling countenance she left the Countess; alone upon the stairs in the old tower she remained standing, and wept bitter tears. Ten minutes afterwards the gay, loudly jesting Naomi, was seen playing at shuttlecock. Instinct taught her, that tears only excited sympathy where a similar sense of suffering existed.

CHAPTER VIII.

" Hon satt bredvid hans hufvudgärd—
Och fäste paa de bleka dragen
Ett blick, ett kungarike värd.
Men ack! hur gaar det med ditt hjerta?"

TEGNER'S *Arel.*

" THE old Countess has circumvented me," thought Naomi: " she wishes to wound me, and has invented the whole story, or else she has received a false report for true. I *must* and *will* find out the truth of the whole affair!" And she now hung upon the Count with flattering words, who often spoke to her of their soon being separated for a long time.

" For two years we shall not see each other," said he; " I shall then return, and you shall go with me to Paris and London — to the gay and magnificent London!"

" You are very kind to me," replied Naomi, " and you are the only one toward whom my thoughts and my whole wishes incline. Other people whom I know, and whom I must endure,

I only like for my own sake; they amuse me, and I need them, but they frequently are infinitely tedious to me."

"They do not indulge you in every thing, as I do," said the Count.

"You?" repeated she, as she looked inquiringly into his eyes, "you yield to me? No! not one single time have you complied with my most innocent, my warmest prayer, and on that account I have endured mortifications of which I never once dared to tell you, because you became immediately so violent, so stern, and cold towards me."

She laid her cheek to his, twisted his hair round her finger, and seemed to hold in her breath. "You are ashamed," said she, "to call me your daughter before the world; if I be not so, then tell me, at least, whom I may love as my father."

"Me!" said the Count; "me!—you are my child!" But his eye became dark, gloomy wrinkles gathered upon his brow, his whole demeanour seemed to oppose the expression of his tongue.

"And, before the eyes of the world, who are my parents?" asked she: "the daughter of a Jew, of a ——?" She was silent—her lips moved convulsively.

"Of a man whose name you shall never know," answered the Count. "He was from

Norway. He is dead, and he died in a manner worthy of him."

"Oh, tell me about it, however!" besought Naomi.

"No!" returned the Count, and left her.

"He also is cruel!" said Naomi: "one human being torments another. Norman alone is kind and faithful to me; he regards me more than all the rest, and him they put in chains." She went down below into the court-yard to the mastiff, caressed him, unfastened his chain, and led the dangerous creature up and down in the court: and he, rejoicing in his liberty, made all kinds of bounds, whilst his steaming tongue hung out from his jaws.

"Thou dear Norman!" said she. "A Norman must also love me; and for the sake of thy name I will give thee thy freedom."

At that moment Christian was returning from a solitary ramble in the garden. The thaw which had commenced had weakened the legs of one of the snow-men, and his lance lay on the earth, dropped from his arm. The bell sounded for dinner — Christian left the garden. The moment that he had opened the gate he perceived Naomi and the dog, which began to bark, and shewed his teeth. Naomi laughed aloud when she saw how much Christian was frightened. The dog sprang towards him; Christian, however, drew back into

the garden, and prayed Naomi again to fasten up the dog.

"Poltroon!" cried she.

At that moment the dog tore himself loose, sprang against the gate, which gave way, and sprang upon Christian, who uttered a cry of terror as he saw the red jaws and sharp teeth of the animal directed to him. In order to save himself he sprang upon the snow-man, and seized the lance with both his hands at the very moment when the creature took hold upon him. The snow-pile fell together with a dull sound, which in fact was a great piece of good fortune, because the pieces of frozen snow and ice, which flew in all directions, frightened the dog back.

Several people ran forward at his cry for help. Naomi stood, as if petrified, at the gate.

"He bleeds! The dog has bitten him!" they cried.

"There, you see the consequences of your barbarity!" said the Count, who hastened up at that moment, and who cast a severe glance on Naomi.

They took up Christian.

"The dog shall be shot," said the Count.

With that Naomi sprung forward weeping, and prayed for the life of the mastiff; seized Christian's hand, and besought of him, with looks of distress, to ask for the life of her favourite.

Her lips touched his pale cheek, and he did that for which she had prayed.

The surgeon of the next town was fetched. Christian had been dangerously bitten by the enraged animal; the most careful nursing and attention were bestowed upon him. Naomi visited him; silently and gravely she seated herself by his bed. Christian offered her his hand, as a token of reconciliation; and in order to say something agreeable to her, he again besought for the life of the dog.

"I fancy that I could get to love you," said Naomi, in extraordinary excitement, whilst she looked keenly into his pale face with her beaming eyes.

The Count now set out on his journey, but it was not to be thought of that Christian could already return to Odense; they therefore informed Mr. Knepus, by letter, of the disagreeable accident.

"Terror and trouble rob me of life," said the old Countess, on the departure of her son. "Now you leave us, and I feel that we shall never see one another more. When, in two years' time, you return, you must go to the village-church, into the closed chapel, and there you will find my coffin."

"Ah, mother, that belongs to a novel," replied the Count.

"It stands written in your mother's heart!" said the Countess, gravely.

The Count's journey was an important occurrence on the estate, and yet we only give the information of it by saying that he set off.

Naomi sat in Christian's chamber. Every thing betrayed how dear she was to him, and that caused her for the first time to feel an interest in him. She inquired from him from whom he had learned to play.

"From my godfather, the Norwegian, in Svendborg;" said Christian, and then told her about this extraordinary man. "I once heard a story related about a magician who played a fiddle so well along the streets that the children came out of the houses and ran after him. He then went into a mountain, and the children vanished as he did. Even so, methinks, could my godfather play. He had learned his art, he said, from the Neck. I think, too, that that which he once told me had reference to himself. There was once, he said, a poor peasant-lad in Norway, who had an extraordinarily great desire to learn to play upon the violin. His father would hear nothing about it, and insisted on his continuing to labour. On that the boy, one evening, stole out of his home, and went with his fiddle towards the mountain-stream. Neck shewed himself to him out of the water, and promised him that he would teach

him to play, yet a great deal better; seized him by the hand, and pinched his finger so violently that it bled. From that time forth, nobody could play so beautifully as himself; every body wished to hear him, and he gained a deal of money by his fiddle. With that, his father now permitted him to devote himself entirely to his art. But one morning when he was returning from a wedding Neck sat upon the bridge, and said he must now come down to him in the water, and remain with him, because he belonged to him. On hearing these words he flew faster than a horse could gallop, and Neck pursued him; but he flew into a church, and to the altar, else Neck would still have seized upon him."

"But who knows whether, after all, your godfather might not be Neck himself?" said Naomi, smiling. Her eyes beamed — the blood glowed upon her beautiful cheeks. She questioned him still more; yes, it was her father of whom Christian spoke: he, however, saw in this eagerness only sympathy in the fate of his godfather, and therefore he took up the thread of his history at every fresh visit, in order to please Naomi. She was made acquainted with the journey to Thorseng, their meeting in the Glorup garden, and heard of the horrible morning when the godfather was found hanging in the tree. Naomi smiled; she laid, thoughtfully, her delicate hand upon her brow.

"He was an extraordinary man," said she; "but he was unfortunate, and that is much more interesting than being a fortunate, every-day sort of person. You, too, have, very early in life, had quite an adventure; but now all that is interesting is over: you are now arrived at the wearisome repose in which one day goes quite naturally before another. On the flat, every-day road, one never attains to any thing out of the common way; at least, not through one's self. If I were in your place, I would take my fiddle upon my back and steal away from all those wearisome people who are one like another, from the trimmings on their dress to the black cravat round the neck."

"What would then, indeed, become of me?" asked Christian; "I am poor."

"Oh, you were yet a great deal poorer when you left the house of your parents!" suggested Naomi. "Then you could not play as you now can, and the way leads still to your happiness. If you should, for once, know hunger for a day, or if your couch should be on straw, what harm then? That would really make your life very interesting. Only think how splendid it would be for you, when you are become a great man, to look back upon this time! The world would admire your bold step, and I—yes, I believe that I could then love you. But otherwise not!—No! no! you must altogether turn out something distinguished."

With these words she seized his hand, and continued to describe to him her romantic views of a life with which she was not acquainted. It flattered that proud, self-willed girl, to be guide of another. She gave to Christian the place of her doll; with him she would realise her romantic dreams. There existed by that means a strong sentiment of affection for Christian, which yet was very different from love. She told him about foreign countries, of celebrated men and women, and then sighed because it was her fate to have been a girl. "But, however, I will not, at least, be like others!" asserted she.

Christian was drawn more and more into the magical circle with which she surrounded him; all his thoughts, all his dreams, turned upon adventures, fame, and Naomi.

The blood careered feverishly through his veins. The night-lamp, which burned by his bed, was nearly extinguished; the flame sat only like a painted speck upon the wick.

"If I can repeat the Lord's Prayer to the end," said he to himself, "before the lamp goes out, then I shall one day become a famous man, and Naomi will be my wife; but if it goes out, then I am lost both here and hereafter!"

He folded his hands, and repeated the words mechanically; his eyes were riveted upon the lamp; the flame trembled — more rapidly did he

speak the words. The prayer was ended, and still the lamp burned.

"But I have forgotten 'deliver us from evil!' The whole goes for nothing, and I must again repeat the prayer; if it then succeeds, it is a twofold token." And he said once more the Lord's Prayer, and the lamp burned on. "I shall be happy!" exclaimed he in joy, and the lamp went out.

It was the middle of the week.

"Next Sunday you will leave us," said Naomi, as she again paid a visit to Christian. The physician says that you will soon be as well as the rest of us. Remember, then, your promise! I know that you love me, but I can bestow my love upon no ordinary man, and you can only become an every-day person in that shop-keeping Odense, and under the guidance of that foolish Mr. Knepus. Venture on a bold step in the world! Here you shall have, what nobody knows of and nobody shall, a hundred rix-dollars of my own pocket-money! Think of our first meeting in the garden, of which you have told me; I received your eyes and your lips as a pledge. You are now mine; I have a portion in you. As soon as ever you feel yourself quite recovered, you will venture on a bold step. Let me have tidings of it, and the night upon which you begin your wandering I will keep awake and think of you."

"I will do every thing which you command!" exclaimed he, enraptured, whilst he threw his arm round her neck. And she sat there with her proud smile, and permitted him calmly to kiss her glowing cheek.

As is the life's colouring in the heart, so is the world mirrored in it. If we had on this evening been able to question Christian, Naomi, and, for example, the old Countess, also, all three of them would have expressed their decided, but very different, opinions about it.

To Christian the world was a temple of God, in which the heart opens itself to God and love; in which confidence grows and conviction becomes strengthened. The kiss on Naomi's beautiful cheek was his baptism; the sound of her voice, the powerful organ-tunes which gave wings to his soul.

"The world is a great masquerade-hall," thought Naomi. "One must play one's part with address; one must become imposing. One has only character according to that which one can rightly do. I will be an Amazon, a Madame de Staël, a Charlotte Corday, or whatever circumstances may best allow."

"The world is a great hospital," said the old Countess. "With our birth begin our maladies; every passing hour brings us nearer to death. One can make one's self much worse by reading

doctors' books; an innocent glass of water may contain an insect which may grow within us to a large beast. One may have a gangrene, one the palsy; one may be dropsical, and one may have the most horrible disorders which end only in death; and this is what we live for! All people are sick, but some conceal their sicknesses; others despise them; and there are misguided people, without nerves, but full of unhealthy blood which gives red cheeks, who carry about with them the false idea that they are actually healthy people!"

CHAPTER IX.

" Les passions sont les vents qui font aller notre vaisseau, et la raison est le pilote qui le conduit. Le vaisseau n'irait point sans les vents et se perdrait sans le pilote."—*Esprit des Esprits.*

A BEAUTIFUL winter's day, when the hoar-frost hangs on the boughs of the trees, and the black ravens float away in the bright sunshine over the white snow, may awaken in us the desire to travel; but very different to this was the day on which Christian returned to Odense. A damp fog lay upon the whole country; naked, skeleton-like trees, on the boughs of which hung large drops of water, stood up amid the dirty snow;—and yet it was exactly this weather which awoke his desire to go forth into the world, a longing after romantic adventures. To him appeared the whole domestic circumstances, which awaited him, only an uninterrupted succession of wet and cold days. Only forth! and all would be changed into sunshine and warmth, he thought.

"Here my fortune would be as long in develop-

ing itself as the summer; I will leave my native land, therefore, and fly towards my happiness!"

A night's sleep under the domestic roof, where was no Naomi to inspire him, again tranquillised his mind. He thought on Peter Vieck; he recalled to himself all that this man had done for him, and he felt, with grief, what an ill-return he had made him.

"But if I should some day come back as a celebrated man, what a surprise and joy would that be! But how am I to make a beginning in the affair?—The Bible shall be my oracle."

He opened the holy book, and read in the Gospel of St. Matthew the words of Jesus Christ to the sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk!"—"Yes, God wills it!" exclaimed he; "He speaks to me by the means of His holy word, and I also have Naomi's money! This monstrous sum makes me richer than I ever was before. I will go to Germany."

Not in the least did Mr. Knepus imagine what occupied the mind of his scholar, when he made inquiries about a journey to Brunswick, Goslar, and North Germany. He formed a sort of plan, but to carry out this two things were wanting—how he was to make the proper beginning, and how he was to obtain a passport. With regard to the last impediment, Naomi had already bethought of that, and she knew how to obtain the needed passport.

The fair Ludwig, the son of the police-director, whose stolen glances at Naomi tolerably well expressed the notes to which the nightingales in Persia sing to the roses, must furnish the passport. He was, indeed, the left hand in the police-office, of which his father was the right; and why need the right hand know what the left doeth? He must, as before said, furnish the passport, which was to serve for several European countries. That was Naomi's first prayer, and he must accomplish it. He had, indeed, love and youth, those bold twining plants which are able to bear a deal without breaking! But amid the folios of the council-room archives, among the dusty beams of the audience-chamber, there had also shot up a third plant; that was circumspection, and of it the beautiful Naomi had never thought. The fair Ludwig, however, had drank of the leaves of this plant every morning and every evening in his tea, and therefore he brought of a truth, quite secretly to Naomi, the desired, and, as she had directed, passport for various European countries for a young musician of eighteen, and Christian's name stood within it; but in order to make it unavailing, the description of Naomi's person was given therein;—the dark, sparkling, gazel-like eyes; the delicate, slender figure; the jet-black hair:—only she alone could make use of the passport. Because *hers*, and not Christian's, exterior was described in it, he, indeed, excused himself

with the assertion that her image floated before his mind, and that she occupied his whole thoughts, and therefore the description of her person had been given in the passport. But with this passport Christian could not even go to the peninsular.

He had chosen the festival of Easter for his flight, and for this end he intended to request permission to go and visit his mother and his stepfather, who, since the journey to Copenhagen, he had not seen. The days of the Lord's suffering and captivity in the grave were to become to him days of joy and freedom. What, indeed, could he learn from Mr. Knepus? What could his residence in Odense avail him?

He wrote to Naomi, to inform her of his determination, and besides that, besought her earnestly for a last meeting at the little inn, which lay only a few miles' distance from the estate. There they would see one another for the last time, in order to say farewell to each other. The letter was sent; and he was now firmly determined, like Cæsar on the Rubicon. Oh, that he could only have dared to have confided in Lucie! But that he ventured not to do; her mind ascended not so high; she would either turn him to ridicule, or else she would endeavour to dissuade him from his journey.

The important day approached, and Christian strapped up his little travelling-bag, but continually undid it again, as he had now forgotten to

put this and now that into it, which he must by all means take with him, and thus some of the already packed-up things had to be displaced. From his fiddle and his Bible he, however, could not part.

All that Peter Vieck had done for him demanded more and more his gratitude; tears rolled down his cheeks: he took pen and paper to write his farewell to him, and besought from him forgiveness; but scarcely was the letter finished than he again tore it. Suddenly a new thought awoke in his soul; his eyes sparkled; his hands folded themselves—a final determination was taken. He rapidly wrote a long letter, read it through, and exclaimed, rejoicing, "Yes, thus it is well! now I am tranquil, and Naomi also will be satisfied with it. The dear God has given me the ideas!" Joyfully he laid himself in bed, and slept without dreaming.

In the early morning he went with a return-carriage to Nyborg.

Naomi had received his letter, and was quite captivated with the excellent adventure, whose originator in truth she was; and on that account she resolved to meet him at the little inn, but that without the knowledge of any one. She could very easily get there—she needed nothing more than to take a ride; but it would, nevertheless, have been unpleasant to her to have been

recognised at the inn, seeing that it was only a simple youth whom she had to meet there.

She therefore made a visit to the gardener, a dapper little man, who dressed remarkably well for one in his condition.

"I have a little jest in hand," said Naomi to him; "lend me your Sunday clothes for it."

She herself stole to the stable, saddled her horse with her own hands, and a quarter of an hour afterwards she rode, in the form of the gardener, down the poplar avenue,—a light and bold rider, forsooth! She waved her hat, as the shepherd interrupted his work of sewing on soles to his stockings to open her the gate.

"Take care of my horse, and let the guests' parlour be heated for me," said Naomi, as she entered the little inn.

Ah, how often she looked up the road, to see whether he were not coming at last! How carefully she studied all the names which were written on the window! For three whole hours that was her amusement.

"One shall see that, after all, he will not come; he has not courage for it!" said she, vexed.

And yet the hero came, but late, very late! And hot and weary was he with the long journey.

"You are come at last!" exclaimed she.

He started as he recognised the disguised maiden; and soon they began their mutual com-

munications. He told her of that which had so actively occupied him, and gave her the letter to read which he had written to Peter Vieck. The contents were not a farewell, but a candid confession of his intentions, yet without any mention of Naomi's name. He expressed in the letter his romantic view of the world, and added his conviction that he must seek his own fortune, and that he certainly should become a great performer. He besought Peter Vieck to give him his consent to this journey, without which he could never be easy. He wished Naomi first to read his letter; he meant then to send it, and wait at the house of his parents for the answer.

"Is that your real, earnest intention?" asked Naomi. "Now, that is just what I expected! You will never become a great man!"

She would not say another word to him;—called for her bill, and galloped away in the dusk evening.

Christian stood there forlorn; she had left him without an adieu; he was still in possession of her money, but it seemed to burn in his pocket.

The god of dreams weaves into the veil of night the most strange arabesques which the fancy can create; it is possessed of the power of Michael Angelo to represent the lost soul in the day of the last judgment, and the tender beauty of Raphael in the representation of the heavenly. There is given to the youthful heart the same

boldness in painting the extremes of despair and of hope, and the transitions are equally abrupt.

And if, indeed, in moments of the deepest pain, it paint a burial vault — a dark, damp vault, in which nothing but sulphureous fumes spring up — yes, to make its sufferings more perceptible to us, points to a rose-bud lying on the ground, the sacrifice of corruption, we shall yet see that it, by degrees, will strike out roots, unfold itself, put forth leaves and buds, and that the whole vault will be changed to an arbour of roses, in which the sun of spring will soon shine, and the blue air of heaven enter.

Thus also, in this night, was the transition in Christian's soul, whilst he, at random, threaded the labyrinthine byways which led in the direction of Örebäk.

Green is the colour of hope. This image is taken from the spring, which clothes the again-awakening life in field and meadow in this colour; but is not the regeneration of the morning from night much more allegorical? Here the colouring of anticipation is red; the rosy stripes in the east announce the regeneration of life and of light — if this be not, like human hope, only a false glory, the reflection of a burning village.

Christian saw the clear brilliancy in the east — the morning was at hand; but still, however bright the horizon might be, yet the sun did not ascend.

It was a conflagration. There was a fire in Örebäk — the dwelling of his stepfather was in flames; and yet all in the house slept, and therefore the red flames stretched forth their polypus arms boldly through roof and beams. The air and the snow became reddened by them, the tied-up horses neighed, and the sluggish cows and oxen bellowed in the still morning hour: the human beings slept, and those who sleep are indeed happy.

Christian knew not whose house it was which was burning, and contemplated the distant fire with that interest with which the young look on when other people's houses are burning; but afterwards ——! Yes, in the morning the fire was extinguished; the last harvests were burnt; the cattle were burnt; and the possessor? With his head shattered, he lay beneath the ruins of a fallen wall. Two tottering chimneys rose out of the smoking pile of rubbish, and peasants and fire-engine people bustled noisily about the place of the burning.

Hither came Christian, with his bundle under his arm and his packed-up violin on his back. It was his home before which he stood.

CHAPTER X.

"Man läser sig till prest, nu val, kallar ej en sprucken klocka Guds Församling jemväl til andakt!" — *Spader-Dame.*

"Han skal være död i den fulde og faste Tro, at chans Folk dog var det herligste paa Jorden ag, trods al dits Vanslägsning ag dets Trängsler, dog Gud's eneste udvalyte Eiendomsfolk." — *Ingemann.*

When a family is about to hire a servant, they do not merely consider his essential usefulness, but they take into consideration whether he have absurd manners or a bad mode of speaking. The actor who makes his appearance in public must be possessed of an exterior which is suited to the character which he wishes to represent, in order to deliver in a worthy manner the work of the poet, and in an especial manner regard is had to his voice. To the preacher alone, to the organ of divinity itself, do we permit most wretched elocution, and the most laughable behaviour. We have singing, through-the-nose speaking, affected preachers, who for the most part have brought their faults with them from the capital, where they have endeavoured to form themselves

according to this or that celebrated pulpit-orator of the time. Thus, in former times, people believed that the Bible could not be translated into the language of the country; and many country people also now fancy that the Bible must only be read aloud in the affected tone in which they have heard their pastor deliver the dear word of God. Instead of reading in a natural voice and from a full chest, and looking at the community at large in the face, as if one man, the preacher often stands there like a Calcutta cock, and turns his head on one side and his eyes on the other. The word of God ought to be like the holy wine of the altar, offered in a pure and open chalice.

Every one of those qualities which a preacher ought not to possess were to be found in the preacher of the parish, Mr. Patermann; who, according to the wishes of the old Countess, was to perform Naomi's confirmation. Not in vain was honey mingled with the hissing of the serpent in his conversation! There was a something nauseously sweet, something insinuating, upon his ever-smiling lips; he turned, like the elfin king, his fair side towards people, but like him, at the same time, was a hollow figure.* The gouvernante discovered that he had a truly apostolic countenance, and called his conversation poetry in the prose of life. We cannot participate in

* According to the Danish popular belief, the elves are hollow behind, like a baking-trough.—*Author's Note.*

this opinion. In the very worst taste he introduced into his discourse the malicious jokes of others against himself. He did not understand how to multiply the thoughts of others and to give again the product; but, in fact, he subtracted his minus from the given plus. Such a man as this could not please Naomi.

"Mr. Patermann is to make a human being of me!" said she, whilst all his prominent peculiarities passed before her. He was to her an object of ridicule; and that he, at least, should not be who treats of holy things. She had no esteem for him, and this excited opposition. The preparations for confirmation became in this way disputations, yet all in becoming humility towards the young lady of condition. The sinful youth of the country had, on the contrary, to bear all the more for it. It was with him as with the schoolmaster who taught the son of a rich man together with his own; whenever the former thwarted and vexed him, he poured out his wrath upon the latter, assured that he had the right of acting according to his pleasure with his own flesh and blood.

Naomi was accustomed to ride to the parsonage, and the reverend teacher helped the gracious young lady always from her horse. On the day of which we would now write, the herdsman's boy sprang forward to hold her horse. He was sent by the cottager's wife to entreat the

young lady to go to her for a moment, because a stranger lay dying in her house who had prayed for permission to do so.

"What trash is that!" said the pastor; "the woman is a widow, and that is nothing but begging, lies, and pretences:" whereupon he conducted Naomi into the parlour. It happened so, that on this day they read about the merciful Samaritan.

"That was beautiful conduct, which we must imitate," said the pastor.

"Then I ought, in this way, to have gone immediately to-day to the cottager's wife," interrupted Naomi.

"That is not the application one must make," said Mr. Patermann. "Here, in the country, poverty consists of pure ragamuffins — it is made up of tricks and devices; people cannot act with us as in the eastern history." With these words he smiled, because he meant to say something very beautiful.

In the dwelling of the poor cottager lay, where her only cow stood tied, a dying man on the straw; his limbs were covered with an old sack. No one was with him, the cow was his only companion: the skeleton-like fingers played powerlessly one with another.

The door opened and the woman entered, with a jug in her hand. "Lord Jesus!" said

she, half angry and half bewailing, "now there he lies, and will die with me, a poor miserable being! That is what I have got by letting him come in and lie here for the night! Death was already on his lips when he came here! May God, however, help me!"

The dying man raised himself a little, seemed to smile, and then closed his eyes again.

"The young lady won't come," said the woman: "it is what I expected; and the pastor is angry about my sending the lad there, and I shall hear about it, of a certainty."

The dying man sighed, and then suddenly he raised himself up and pointed to a sort of traveller's box, which was fastened with a cord.

"Shall I open it?" asked the woman.

"Yes!" replied the sick man, scarce perceptibly, when all at once his eye brightened, for Naomi stood before him; she had entered through the open door.

"I have seen you before now," said she to the woman; "you have always saluted me so respectfully when you met me. Is that water which you are giving to him?" asked she. "Go and get something better!"

"A little glass of brandy might do him good," said the woman; "but for fourteen days not a drop has been in my house."

"Go and buy wine!" said Naomi, giving her

money. The woman looked bewildered and inquiringly, and hesitated a few moments before she went out.

A sparrow flew upon the stone floor, twittered, and then flew out again. The cold wind blew through the crevices in the miserable wall. The dying man seemed again to revive, and a few intelligible words proceeded from his lips.

"Might I look at thee, Naomi?" said he.

"You know my name?" asked she.

"I knew it before thou thyself knewest it," replied the sick man, gazing at her with a sorrowful expression. "I have carried thee in my arms; but thou canst no longer remember old Joel!"

"I saw you a long time ago, but you have never come to the hall."

"I dared not; nor would I, either," replied he.

"What have you to say to me?" inquired she.

He again pointed to the old box. What did it contain, and what had the dying Joel to say to her? If thou couldst have understood the twittering of the despised sparrow, thou wouldst have heard that which Naomi heard; if thou hadst understood the music which the cold wind of the early year blew upon his pandean-pipe through the wicker-wall of the miserable cottage, thou wouldst know why Naomi was so thoughtful, why she went with slow steps through the wood towards the hall.

"Is not Judaism, the father of Christianity, a

wandering Ödip, which is set up as a jest for the younger generation?" Could it, perhaps, be this question over which she was pondering? or it might be the holy remarks of Mr. Patermann upon the compassionate Samaritan which actively employed her mind. Her delicate fingers turned over the leaves of a book, and her eyes looked as fixedly upon the pages as the gold-maker when he watches the mingling of the mysterious powder in his crucible. Was it Luther's "Catechism," or a new and improved edition of the hymn-book, in which prosaic hands have stripped it of its poetry, that she looked through so earnestly? The size was too large, the volume too old, and the pages bore only faded handwriting. It was the inheritance of the high-conditioned young lady on the mother's side. There were verses and thoughts in this book, and between the leaves lay loose papers.

"Is there any shame in belonging to a world-famous people?" inquired her thoughts. "The father of my mother was rich; Joel was his servant—his old, faithful servant. When I was left, and every thing lay in ruins and in ashes, he gave me a home where it ought to be. The true, old soul!"

Tears started to her dark eyes, but she kept them back with her black eyelashes.

"Young lady!" cried the poor woman behind her, "now he is dead!"

Naomi stopped her horse.

"Is he dead!" repeated she. "Tell me, however, what he confided to you, when you sent the boy after me?"

"He only prayed me to send for you, otherwise he could not die; and I knew that to-day you would be with the preacher."

"You could not have rightly understood him," replied Naomi coldly; "and therefore you acted so awkwardly. You sent a messenger to me, and yet I never had spoken with the man. I know him not. You'll get into all kinds of unpleasantness if they come to hear of this at the hall. But, however, I will be silent about it, that I promise you. Only keep silent yourself, and tell the bailiff that the man who came to you is dead."

"Dear Lord! and so you did not know him at all?" said the woman.

"I!" replied Naomi, whilst she cast an ice-cold glance upon the woman; "how should I, indeed, know any thing about the old Jew?"

And she rode away, but her heart beat violently.

"Poor Joel!" said she to herself; "God, indeed, has denied thy people, so also can I deny thee! She drew forth the book which she had concealed under her dress, and read in it. She then put her horse to the gallop and careered away.

The poorest peasant finds his grave in the

consecrated earth of the churchyard, and if his poor relations are not able to place above him a gravestone yet they stretch out between two willow-poles a piece of linen, and write upon it with ink the name, birthday, and day of death of the deceased. The honest Joel, who had carried to the grave the box containing the burnt remains of his master, that they might be laid in consecrated ground, received for himself only a resting-place outside the churchyard wall, where the cow of the cottager's wife grazed on the foot-path! Four days after the interment one might have seen the white sand, with which the poor woman had strewn the grave, hurled with stones by the children in whom the Evil One had a place, because they knew, indeed, that it was a Jew who had been buried there. And the despised sparrows sat themselves on the stones and twittered their song, and the cold wind of the early year blew the while upon his pandean-pipe through the miserable wicker-work of the next fence.

There is something magnetic in reading; we look at the black letters, and there ascends through the eye a living image into our souls, that seizes upon us like a powerful reality. Naomi read in the book which had been bequeathed to her—she read the letters, and the house that was burned down stood again before her, with its old-fashioned presses and the inscription over the

door,—"If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." The beautiful stocks sent forth again their fragrance, and the sun shone again through the red glass of the garden-house, where the ostrich-egg hung under the roof.

The old Countess, had, however, been correct in her report regarding Naomi's mother. The Norwegian had overheard the lovers as they concerted their place and time of meeting. He took advantage of this—he was a demon who had no pity. Of a truth the joy of love was great, but greater still were the sufferings of love. The beautiful Sara wept, as had wept Susanna the daughter of Chelcias, but there was no Daniel to witness for her,—"I am clear of this blood!" There were many commentaries rich in meaning on this subject in the Book, but they were not right reading for one preparing for confirmation.

"The Norwegian is Naomi's father!" was written with a trembling hand in the book. The old Joel had written these words; and more than this, which told of crime, of misery, and of violent death.

"The Norwegian was my father," said Naomi, "that is now certain! Oh, my mother! through thee I belong to this outcast people! No one can rob me of this persuasion!" She stepped before the mirror. "I have not the fair hair and the blue eyes of the inhabitant of the north; in me there is nothing which betrays a descent from

the land of the northern-lights and the mist. My hair is black, like that of the children of Asia; my eyes and my blood tell me that I belong to a warmer sun."

And she read the books of the Old Testament eagerly, as one proud of his ancestry reads his genealogical table. Her heart beat loudly at the names of the valiant women of whom these writings make mention—of the courageous Judith, the wise Esther.

"My mother's people were already an enlightened, a victorious people, whilst the north was yet inhabited by savage hordes. The wheel has turned round!"

"The noble young lady is an Antichrist in belief," said Mr. Patermann after the hour's instruction; and, in fact, her questions might have perplexed a more able divine than he was. Left to herself, her mind speculated freely, often boldly. She looked beyond that which surrounded her, and it was to her a welcome pleasure whenever she could embarrass her spiritual teacher, which often was the case. She wished to know what it was which Mahomet had taught his people; she desired to hear the Braminical lore as it was promulgated on the banks of the Ganges. "One must know every thing in order to choose out the best," said she. "To the feeble and to the sick one may only give the appointed food, but I am strong enough to taste of all kinds."

At such remarks as these Mr. Patermann bowed, and thought to himself, "If any body comes into eternal fire she will." And every thing which was displeasing to him in Naomi he mentioned to the old Countess, and she sent intelligence of it to the Count. The gouvernante, who was by no means fitted for the guide of so intellectual a girl as Naomi, had likewise gone over to the party of the Countess, and that, indeed, in the threefold character of reader, nurse, and helper-on of conversation. She had been long attached to Naomi, but when this young lady began to make herself merry over the German poetry of the gouvernante, she then went over to the opposite party. That which the angel of the Lord prophesied to Hagar of her son seemed to hang over Naomi: "He shall be a wild man; his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand shall be against him." With respect to the Countess, the pastor, and the gouvernante, they were all three severe enough against Naomi. "I know very well," said she, "that dark clouds easily arise when the meadow steams. But the storm is precisely that which interests me, a self-arranged storm. They wish to be my masters!—the Count alone is my royal master! If they go on too far with me, if they play the wicked part of Haman, then I will be as bold as Esther, and when they least expect it I will present myself before him as their accuser.

It was a more powerful hand than that of the fair Ludwig which guided the pen, when my person was described in the passport which was designed for the womanish boy in Odense!" And once again she read about Abraham's rich flocks and herds, of David's victories, and of the pomp and glory of Solomon.

In the Forum of Rome stand the ruins of a Pagan temple, and in the midst of these, between the tall marble pillars, a Christian church has been built. The past and the present, the old and the new, are here closely bound the one to the other; but the eye of the spectator rests, in an especial manner, upon the remains of the temple. Thus also Naomi, with her thoughts on Judaism, which she contemplated as built up together with Christianity. Accustomed in youth to change every mythe into reality, there was in her a sort of Straussian mysticism, which explained every thing historical by mythes. By degrees she came to take that view of religious matters which is beginning to reveal itself in our days in Germany, as a sort of free-thinking. As to her religious opinion in the year of confirmation, if any regard must be paid to it, she might be called rather a Jewess than a Christian. The thundering, sternly avengeful Jehovah, appeared to her more glorious than the gentle Spirit which we address as an Abba, dear Father! That which she read in the Old Testament united

itself with recollections from her childhood. She thought on Joel and the last conversation with him.

The cow of the cottager was grazing upon his grave the first time that she passed by it. She cast a glance upon the churchyard wall and smiled.

"There or here," thought she, "the worms still devour the body. The Bible announces resurrection from the dead; and the Bible is the word of God, they tell me. But yet in the same book it is written, also, 'as a cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.' That must also be true, because it too stands written in the Bible. I must just as well believe the one as the other! There is no immortality! Jehovah's most perfect creature must crumble to dust like every work of human hands, must cease to exist sooner than nature which has formed dust. All created beings, all worlds will perish; and Jehovah will then float in solitude amid the ruins of His works, amid chaos, as He did in the beginning. 'As the cloud is consumed and vanishes away, so also shall no one return from the grave,' says the Bible. 'My days have passed more quickly than a weaver's shuttle, and are vanished away, so that there is none remaining.' Thus live quickly, but enjoy whilst we live! Breathe in joy, and in a moment pass away!"

On the following Sunday satin rustled along the swept floor of the church, in which hung garlands of pine-boughs, and red lights burned upon the altar. Naomi stood before it; she was the first as well as the best of those confirmed. No one answered better than she did; no one proved his knowledge of Christianity more excellently than she did.

The coach rolled away from the church; the wheels passed over Joel's grave.

"To-day I have enlisted under the banner of Christ," said Naomi, sunk in thought. "They have educated me to it; have given me to eat and to drink that I might be one of them. An apostate will be punished; that I know. Well, in the end it must be all one, whether one be of the cavalry or the infantry, if one serve the same king." She fell into deep thought. "O God!" she then sighed; "I am, however, so forlorn in this world!" And tears flowed from her beautiful eyes.

The servant summoned to the festal meal. Mr. Patermann conducted the old Countess to table. Naomi was dressed in satin; a red rose-bud ornamented the swelling bosom.

END OF VOL. I.

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